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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume LIX.

No. 2257.—September 24, 1887.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXIV.

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## KAISER DEAD.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*April 6, 1887.*

WHAT, Kaiser dead? The heavy news  
Post-haste to Cobden calls the Muse,  
From where in Farringford she brews  
The ooe sublime,  
Or with Pen-bryn's bold bard pursues  
A rival rhyme.

Kai's bracelet tail, Kai's busy feet,  
Were known to all the village street.  
"What, poor Kai dead?" say all I meet;  
"A loss indeed!"  
O for the croon pathetic, sweet,  
Of Robin's reed!\*

Six years ago I brought him down,  
A baby dog, from London town;  
Round his small throat of black and brown  
A ribbon blue,  
And vouch'd by glorious renown  
A dachshound true.

His mother, most majestic dame,  
Of blood unmix'd, from Potsdam came;  
And Kaiser's race we deem'd the same—  
No lineage higher.  
And so he bore the imperial name.  
But ah, his sire!

Soon, soon the days conviction bring.  
The collie hair, the collie swing,  
The tail's indomitable ring,  
The eye's unrest—  
The case was clear; a mongrel thing  
Kai stood confest.

But all those virtues, which commend  
The humbler sort who serve and tend,  
Were thine in store, thou faithful friend.  
What sense, what cheer!  
To us, declining tow'ards our end,  
A mate how dear!

For Max, thy brother-dog, began  
To flag, and feel his narrowing span.  
And cold, besides, his blue blood ran,  
Since, 'gainst the classes,  
He heard, of late, the Grand Old Man  
Incite the masses.

Yes, Max and we grew slow and sad;  
But Kai, a tireless shepherd-lad,  
Teeming with plans, alert, and glad  
In work or play,  
Like sunshine went and came, and bade  
Live out the day!

Still, still I see the figure smart—  
Trophy in mouth, agog to start,

\* Come, join the melancholious croon  
O Robin's reed.  
(BURNS, *Poor Mailie's Elegy*.)

Then, home return'd, once more depart;  
Or prest together  
Against thy mistress, loving heart,  
In winter weather.

I see the tail, like bracelet twirl'd,  
In moments of disgrace uncurl'd,  
Then at a pardoning word refurl'd,  
A conquering sign;  
Crying, "Come on, and range the world,  
And never pine."

Thine eye was bright, thy coat it shone;  
Thou hadst thine errands, off and on;  
In joy thy last morn flew; anon,  
A fit! All's over;  
And thou art gone where Geist hath gone,  
And Toss, and Rover.

Poor Max, with downcast, reverent head,  
Regards his brother's form outspread;  
Full well Max knows the friend is dead  
Whose cordial talk,  
And jokes in doggish language said,  
Beguiled his walk.

And Glory, stretch'd at Burwood gate,  
Thy passing by doth vainly wait;  
And jealous Jock, thy only hate,  
The chiel from Skye,  
Lets from his shaggy Highland pate  
Thy memory die.

Well, fetch his graven collar fine,  
And rub the steel, and make it shine,  
And leave it round thy neck to twine,  
Kai, in thy grave.  
There of thy master keep that sign,  
And this plain stave.

Fortnightly Review.

## AUTUMN, 1885.

Yes, Autumn comes again and finds me here,  
Last year I thought I should be elsewhere  
Than 'mid these fading falling leaves; for  
there,  
Beneath life's tree whose leaves are never sere  
But green throughout the great eternal year  
I thought to lie, and breathe the tranquil air,  
And see my boy who, being for earth too fair,  
Is fairer still in that celestial sphere.

Perchance for me his little heart did yearn;  
Haply to meet me at the golden gate  
He oft would wander, stand awhile, and turn  
Away to cry, "My father lingers late."  
Content thee, little one; my heart doth burn  
For thee as thine for me, but God says,  
"Wait!"

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE ISLAND OF SERK: A SERMON IN STONES.

O flower of all wind flowers and sea flowers,  
Made lovelier by love of the sea  
Than thy golden own field flowers or tree flowers,  
Like foam of the sea-facing tree.  
No foot but the sea-mew's there settles  
On the spikes of thine anthers like horns,  
With snow-colored spray for thy petals,  
Black rocks for thy thorns.

A. C. SWINBURNE: *The Garden of Cymodoce*.

Sweet as when  
Hung between sky and sea, new land appears  
With break of day to eyes of wandering men,  
Whose hearts thrill deep with thoughts undreamt be-  
fore,

And visions of new life, new hopes and fears,  
As voices greet them from that unknown shore.

H. W. NEVINSON.

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
I made a nosegay, . . . and then elate and gay  
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,  
That I might there present it—O, to whom?

SHELLEY.

Now there is a rocky Isle in the mid-sea, midway be-  
tween Ithaca and rugged Samos, Asteris a little  
Isle; and there is a harbor therein with a double  
entrance, where ships may ride.

*Odyssey*, Book IV.

Voyez-vous ci-devant à orche ce hault rocher à deux  
croupes, bien ressemblant au Mont Parnasse en  
Phocide? . . . Aultres fois j'ai vu les isles de Cerq  
et Herm.

RABELAIS: *Pantagruel*, chap. 66.

This dog is my dog.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

A PROPER sermon, like Cerberus, and the Hydra, and other fabulous monsters, may, we all know, have at least three heads. Yet there is usually only one text. If in this sermon in stones the proportion is otherwise—since it is prefixed, as it were, by a whole sheaf of texts—it is because here one text can never suffice. "Music vibrates in the memory," as the spirit opens to the influences near, and verse after verse of poets new and old rushes to the mind; we seem to hear the rhythmic beat of English song, the surge and thunder of the *Odyssey*. And, moreover, Serk has especial poems of its own.

For the spell of ardent airs and immeasurable seas, of hollow shores round which the waters lie more divinely radiant than floors of beryl, of golden sunshine, and the sweet, bright-blossomed earth in springtime—the spell of all that is free and fair—is about us here. But above all is that strange irresistible fascination which islands have upon the spirit—sweet new land hung afar between sky and sea, filling us with a painful joy, causing our hearts to burn with a mighty long-

ing—the yearning to be there, and to know, and be at rest.

But the dog, that is, *my dog*, is of an entirely different mind in these matters. Corrie is like the Frenchman who asked, with a praiseworthy repudiation of cant, "Aimez-vous les beautés de la nature? Pour moi, je les abhorre!" Or at least, like the poet Gray, she is much distressed and alarmed at beholding hundreds of feet of precipice above her, or a yawning chasm or huge hole going straight down two or three hundred feet below her nose into fathomless depths of murmuring surge. These things suggest nothing either pleasurable or poetical to her. She tries to sit down on the securest spot, uttering gentle moans and deprecating whistles of distress; and however loyally she follows, no matter how great the dangers she sees so clearly before her, her appreciation of such "beauties of nature" is always greatly enhanced when she beholds as few of them as possible, and when, marching on the secure earth, she has a satisfactory sense that neither she nor her mistress will fall down over some cliff that "looks fearfully in the confined deep," or else be crushed by tons of rock from overhead. She is not, I fear, even purged by pity and terror. Her taste in the matter of the picturesque is still the "taste" of a hundred and fifty years ago,—the age of grottoes and the clipping of yew-trees, of artificial cascades that flowed to the magic sound of flutes, and of cows that yielded syllabub in at Horace Walpole's drawing-room window.

The shifting fashion of art or taste, the change in the eye for certain aspects in landscape, or in the ear for certain modes, is a matter on which I need not enter here; though it is a curious if not an important psychological phenomenon. It is enough that these things too are subject to change. I once met a degenerate Scotchman who admired the flatness of the flat country, in comparison with those troublesome mountains; for the prospect, if not of fishes, then of loaves, we must imagine. But Scots with souls so dead are rare in this latter end of the nineteenth century, and it is only fair when we mention Gray's affright at finding himself

standing under big rocks in the lake country, to remember that with all his town-bred attitude towards it, he was one of the first English poets of the eighteenth century, if not the first, who discovered the "romantic" in nature, who saw beauty in that of which he was more than half afraid. As late as 1773 Dr. Johnson made his famous tour to the Hebrides. To those who know and love Loch Coruisk and the Cuchullins his description of Skye may well be a marvel, while his idea of the islands in Loch Lomond was to "employ upon them all the arts of embellishment"! "But as it is," he cried, "the islets which court the gazer at a distance disgust him at his approach, when he finds, instead of soft lawns and shady thickets, nothing more than uncultivated ruggedness." No doubt Dr. Johnson sat in darkness. "Men bred in the universities of Scotland cannot be expected to be often decorated with the splendors of ornamental erudition," is the appalling view he takes in Glasgow, at the moment when Burns, a boy of fourteen, was following the plough-tail, as it were within speaking distance; a student in that larger universe which has become our school too as it never was the old doctor's. Beethoven was three years old, so was Wordsworth. Coleridge was a year old, Sir Walter Scott was two. Turner was not born at all till two years later. We can hardly imagine a journey to Scotland before "The Lady of the Lake," or the sight of Mont Blanc before the "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni;" and what has not been given us to see and know since then? But let us beware of spiritual pride. The shores of Clyde are vulgarized every year; a tram-car rattles down the streets of one of the most beautiful things in nature, the city of Oxford; and in more important matters far than these we still sin against the best teaching of nature, and of nature's priests.

And Corrie is as yet only a dog—a small and exceedingly emotional collie dog. It is but natural that a dog of the nineteenth century should still be filled, if not with disgust, yet with consternation and abhorrence, by these same rocks and cliffs to which men and women have only

lately learnt that they may seek as to the very fountains of beauty and strength. Who knows? There may be a time of culture coming for dogs too, in the centuries before us. This is, we are told, an age of transition.

And even for Corrie life has its compensations here and now. She, poor thing, has lately passed through deep waters. Is it not hard for a dog of spotless pedigree to be branded in an English court of justice as a "mongrel," to be dubbed "dangerous" and "ferocious" by a terror-stricken policeman, when you are conscious of the most tender philanthropy—at least towards those who are well attired; all because you express by a few barks some possibly æsthetic disapproval of the uniform worn by the police force? Yet so it was, and the nervous strain consequent on these severe afflictions is only just beginning to yield to the usual remedies, quiet and sea air, and "cheerful surroundings." As for these latter, surely there is no more potent encouragement under the sun than a distinguished social position; and this she enjoys in Serk, where truly a dog that is a dog indeed is a cynosure to every eye. For nowhere upon this globe is there to be found a more fantastic group of mongrels than the community of dogs in this island. There is, in the first place, a most disproportionate number of dogs. There are only a hundred men; there are apparently numberless dogs. And then the varieties, the vagaries of mongrelism! Small curs not twelve inches high, fashioned otherwise like St. Bernards; gigantic hounds with a ludicrous resemblance to toy terriers or King Charles spaniels; tiny, shrivelled, wistful-looking creatures resembling collies—save the mark! There are animals with long rat's tails that are not dogs at all, but apparently a mixture of a snake and a bird and a four-legged stool. In spite of strange and ancient and most stringent dog-laws, it is a very paradise of mongrels; and in such society it is, if no great honor, at least some soothing consolation for a dog of birth to sojourn and to shine for a time. They say that every dog has his day.

And now, what of the cliffs and the seas, "the rocky isle in the mid-sea"? The first question which forces itself upon the wayfarer who has passed a hundred miles and more south-westerly of what is a very respectable island, the Isle of Wight, is to distinguish between an island and a rock in the sea; even if a philosophic turn does not lead to further speculations as to the distinction between islands and continents. A Scotch school-boy of considerable common sense, though possibly imperfect training, once defined an island as "a bit of the sea with no water in it;" but every well-regulated schoolboy knows, and is able confidently to declare, that an island is a piece of land surrounded by water, and that it is figured on maps as a space varying from a threepenny bit or less, to about the size of a crown-piece.

Now it would seem that, pushed to where nothing should surely ever be pushed in this practical, not to say compromising world — pushed to its logical conclusion, this definition may be made to include all lands whatsoever; and that, as in many other matters, the exactness of a definition is merely a question of degree. Where, however, the unsteered course of the wanderer takes him into seas from which arise, bewilderingly, numberless pinnacles and teeth-like ridges of rock, sometimes in groups, sometimes quite isolated — not to mention not a few unmistakable islands; where there are then no end of bits of the sea with no water in them, from a sharp stone a foot or two across, scarce uncovered by a low ebb-tide, showing for an instant as the quiet waters open about it and then close again, to an expanse of land raised up near four hundred feet high above the level sea, and as Swinburne says, "laughing against the sun" five or six miles broad, — where there is all this diversity with only the common property of being surrounded by water, to know how to distinguish, even by rule of thumb, between a rock and an island, becomes necessary for mere peace of mind. Here in the Channel it is perhaps best to call every bit of land an island that without the aid of maps is obviously seen to be surrounded by water, and —

and this is the special distinction — that has soil upon it in which the merry worm can pursue, as Darwin tells us, the most absorbing and fruitful of all industries, — on which at least grass can grow, and which the hungry sea can never wholly overwhelm though it heave never so high beneath a wintry moon. An island, on the other hand, on which that attenuated and insignificant landlubber the earthworm cannot, even in less hard times than these, meet with employment, on which no Bismarck among the annulata in sore want of colonies for his earthworms has ever cast an envious eye, is not an island, but a rock.

And though this great rock rises shoreless from the waters as if they loved it too well to leave a foot uncovered where purchase the blue clear flood might lie; though it has steep and jagged sides, fretted spires and buttresses all of naked stone, it well deserves, nevertheless, to be called a gem of islands. The Garden of Cymodoce is Swinburne's name for it — the garden of the Nereid, the wave-receiver: —

I knew not, mother of mine,  
That one birth more divine  
Than all births else of thine  
That hang like flowers or jewels on thy deep  
soft breast,  
Was left for me to shine  
Above thy girdling line  
Of bright and breathing brine,  
To take mine eyes with rapture and my sense  
with rest.

There is no exaggeration here. This garden of the Nereid has such rich and delicate soil, yielding fruit in abundance obedient to the will of man. On every tor and headland gorse blazes golden against the azure of the sky, the indescribable brightness of the sea. Ivy, in tint like the green sea-water where the shadows lie, clings closely knit down the steep sides of every rocky seaward hollow; dainty fringes of fern hang in the caves and crannies; clusters of sea-campion, fragile and white like the spray, nestle in every ledge. Every dell and deep-banked lane, the sloping sunny hillsides, the very banks of the bare ploughed fields, are delicious with turf and moss and brown ivy, from among

which the little curls of hart's tongue show their tender green, and from which, in March and April, primrose and celandine spring golden, countless as sparks of fire. The wealth of primroses is incredible; the ground is flooded with a pale golden light—large blossoms two inches across, on stalks often nine inches long, filling all the air with their gentle sweetness. And there are no such daisies anywhere, so large and crimson—no dog-violets so large and dark, as they grow here in solid masses along the banks and dikes, a blue flush under the clear green of the young hawthorn hedges, and the soft grey and purple of the honeysuckle shoots above; while the wild hyacinths grow by millions among the brownish green of the young bracken springing everywhere. And yet they say in Serk, "Wait till May and the roses come."

For in no deeps of midmost inland May  
More flower-bright flowers the hawthorn, or  
    more sweet  
Swells the wild gold of the earth for wander-  
    ing feet;  
For on no northland way  
Crowds the close whin-bloom closer, set like  
    thee  
With thorns about for fangs of sea-rock shown  
Through blithe lips of the bitter brine to lee;

and all the things opening and thriving under the sunshine day after day, and under a sky twice as high as is the sky even in Devon. The very song of the larks seems fuller and more sweetly shrill, as if they had farther to go into the blue, and so needs must sing a louder song to reach the fields that lie so far below.

But again, what is the right proportion of rocky coast-line for an island that has proper self-respect, and yet would not wish to appear inhospitable to the stranger drawn to it from afar? There would be, on an ideal island ready to welcome all comers, cliffs and rocks perhaps, but also surely sheltered sweeps of sandy beach where the wave gently carries the ships to land, and where the big boats lie in rows. Now it must be owned that, if a quite enormous extent of vertical or all but vertical edge, if a body-guard of small and smaller attendant isles and islets, of cruel rocks out to sea all round, can betoken pride—there is none prouder in all the seas than this little island of Serk. Encircled by hurrying currents against which strong rowers strive in vain, inviting sands, shelving bays and approaches, there are none; but rather stern and apparently inaccessible ramparts of rugged rock of

every shape and hue, as our very first adventure plainly showed.

On a brilliantly sunny morning early in April, an hour and a quarter's sail in a small cutter carried us south-eastward from Guernsey to Serk; during the night we had come south in the mail-packet from Southampton to Guernsey. To come, as we had come, Corrie and I, for that was all the party, straight from an evening spent, however pleasantly, in the unclean exhausted atmosphere of Whitechapel, and to awaken in this region of warm brightness, breathing the strong breath of the sea, seemed little short of miraculous—a miracle happily not difficult of performance; and the white gulls wheeling overhead under the high blue arch of the morning sky as the packet drew up to the White Rock at St. Peter Port, seemed like messengers from another sphere. There were palm-trees in Guernsey, and blooming camellias and roses in the garden; there were all manner of delights of Paradise. There was also most excellent breakfast; and Corrie blissfully pursued the minutest researches in osteology over the largest and most interesting collection of bones she ever saw in her life, humbly offered her by a German waiter.

Characteristically the utmost vagueness as to any means or time of leaving Guernsey prevailed, and our getting to Serk that day at all is a matter for some gratitude—a debt I would gladly pay to the kind hosts who sailed us across—me and Corrie and the luggage.

Seven miles of water lie between St. Peter Port and the little isle in the mid-sea; about double that distance beyond it is the northern coast of Jersey. As we sailed with a fair wind we passed rock after rock—cruel, hungry-looking heads, such as Les Têtes d'Aval, rising only a boat's length off out of the blue expanse, with gulls sitting on them watching us in the pauses of their business in great waters, perfectly tame, for they are rigidly protected. In these channels—the Little Russel, between Guernsey and the two smaller islands of Herm and Jethou, and the Great Russel, between these and Serk—the rocks to a very considerable extent appear and disappear according to the tide, so that when it is low it seems almost as if you could cross on stepping-stones, where at other times there are miles of unbroken water, and it is curious how much greater the distance looks when the rocks are hid. Round Serk the tide rises and falls nearly forty feet, round Jersey nearly fifty, and in many places it



runs six to eight miles an hour—boiling and slipping past the rocks like a mill-race. It is the true measure of time in these parts—the only constraining force. *La marée presse*, they say; and all is said. I kept wondering, as the boat moved on noiselessly, how much tide there might be in the *Ægean*, or what were the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis compared to these reefs and eddies. Numbers of cormorants flew past, black in the shadow, a rusty brown where the sunlight touched them, — their large heads and strong necks outstretched, and the steady short beat of their wings, on their straightforward flight, so unlike a sea-gull's; and they seemed to me to add in some strange way to the sense of what the dangers must be on days less halcyon-like than these. I quote another passage from "The Garden of Cymodoce":—

For here of all thy waters, here of all  
Thy windy ways the wildest, and beset  
As some beleaguered city's war-breached wall  
With deaths enmeshed all round it in deep  
net,  
Thick sown with rocks deadlier than steel,  
and fierce  
With loud cross-countering currents, where  
the ship  
Flags, flickering like a wind-bewildered leaf,  
The densest weft of waves that prow may  
pierce  
Coils round the sharpest warp of shoals that  
dip  
Suddenly, scarce well under for one brief  
Keen breathing-space between the streams  
adverse,  
Scarce showing the fanged edge of one hun-  
gering lip  
Or one tooth lipless of the ravening reef;  
And midmost of the murderous water's web  
All round it stretched and spun  
Laughs, reckless of rough tide and raging  
ebb,  
The loveliest thing that shines against the  
sun.

This is rather breathless reading, but it is penetratingly just. Indeed, the accuracy alone of a poem, which, for the comfort of the reader be it said, is perfectly incomprehensible in many parts without a precise knowledge of the isle which fills the poet with a "rapture of rage" (or is it "a rage of rapture"?), commands every respect as soon as a knowledge of the geography of Serk brings comprehension; and some of the passages are exquisitely beautiful. The rest?—well, Victor Hugo once paid a visit to Serk, and, stopping to take breath, is said to have exclaimed, "*Mais, c'est magnifique!*"—a not unusual French expression of admira-

tion. That, however, the isle thrilled to its base on that occasion, or shone with a "subtler glory and rarer" than sunshine, seems very doubtful. The island understands French, but it is solidly British in disposition.

As we draw nearer, the great north-western land towers up—a shallow crescent perhaps two miles long, and pretty uniformly three hundred feet or more in the perpendicular, running out at its northern end in a fine point of wave-worn granite, the *Bec du Nez*, on the south-west, towards which we were steering, in a larger lumpy mass of rock. About the middle are some beautiful detached rocks, curiously square-looking—"Les Autelets," the people call them—Swinburne's "black, bright, sheer twin flameless altars." But there are four of them, and one glorious mass, like the great high altar, named *Tintageux*—the *Tintagel* of Serk, the largest of all. There can be no more beautiful bit of cliff scenery than this, as one stands above *Les Autelets* watching the water, brightest green, washing round them, and in and out of the caves, *Les Boutiques*, that lie towards the *Bec du Nez*. But no; where was there the sign of an inlet or harbor even when we came close up, and the vivid colors of the rocks, red and tawny, and black and grey, showed clearly above the perfectly still bright sea. Suddenly turning to the right, the boat seemed to pierce noiselessly through this rampart; what had seemed a large headland, turned out to be an island, and we were in a narrow passage not eighty yards across, the transparent tide running fast between walls of grey rock in shadow. And out of this we passed silently, almost holding our breath, into the most lovely little rock-bound bay opening to the west. But a moment ago we were in the shadow of the narrow strait, the water below of the intensest steely blue; and now, as it were in an instant, we had passed with no other sound than the faint lap of the water as the boat softly put it aside, into this radiant shining haven, this peace-pool, where it seemed no care or sorrow could ever come, or the high sun of noonday cease to light up its waters and the inaccessible walls of rock that guard it all around. We passed an empty boat, painted a bright grass-green, and it would be impossible to find a better artistic foil than this shrill green for the loveliness of the water touching it. It is the clearest water I have ever seen; fifty or sixty feet of it are absolutely transparent, and it seems a mingling of blue and

green and silver light in one indescribable liquid hue. The little bay is hardly more than a quarter of a mile across, and there is nowhere any sign of man or his dwelling-places. At the farther side the sail was dropped: we were looking upwards at hundreds of feet of cliff, perpendicular to all appearance as the wall of a house; but evidently we were going no farther, and evidently we *were* going ashore, if shore it could be called where shore was none. After some moments of blank astonishment, it became evident that nevertheless here were the ways of men, for some natives in blue weather-worn jerseys, with long yellow beards and ruddy faces, and carrying immense lobster-creels, appeared winding down from above; figures so in harmony of color with their surroundings, that it seemed as if they had really suffered a sea change. There was a black, loose, amorphous object also bundling down behind, which attracted Corrie's attention — the first of those multitudinous mongrels; even then and there I know we both thought it odd enough. Corrie, by the way, had entirely disregarded everything I have spoken of between Guernsey and Serk. I think she felt death would be the only happiness, as she lay motionless under the half-deck. It is not many people who like to own to sea-sickness on a fair day. Presently we became aware of a ladder fastened to the rock some feet above and below the water's edge in a more than vertical position; moreover, of possible niches and coigns of vantage in the rock above where to place our feet; and finally, of a long rope stretching down to the ladder, as we afterwards saw, from an iron ring far above, — sixty or eighty feet of this at least. Though at low water it is possible to scramble over some outlying rocks, La Longe Pointe (I delight in these French names for integral parts of the British empire), to the zigzag path cut in the cliff, the ascent has almost always to be made thus, as it were "at the tail of a tow" — a romantic method of approach which is very characteristic of this enchanted isle. The "adjacent island" to the west which we had passed is Brechou or Ile à Marchands — Brechou signifying apparently Isle of the Breach. And this breach, the narrow strait between it and Serk — I had almost said the mainland, such is the effect on the mind of relativity — bears the significant name of the Gouillot. Through the Gouillot the tide rushes with the speed of a man swiftly running — three times as fast as the Thames at Windsor. Now in

this passage is yet another island, the size perhaps of a gigantic plum-pudding; and though the seigneur of Serk — that king in Ithaca — is lord not only of Serk, but of all its dependencies within three miles of its coast, as witness Brechou, yet this little isle, this Moie du Gouillot, was the independent kingdom, or is even now, of one of the De Carterets — a descendant of that Hélier or Hilary on whom Queen Elizabeth bestowed Serk. Last summer I was fired with the desire to buy for two pounds sterling a castle on the Rhine. Now, like Sancho Panza, I desire nothing so much as to own an island; and if only I could imagine that there would be room, or flat space enough, on the Moie du Gouillot for an armchair and an umbrella, and a mat for Corrie, I should feel greatly tempted to offer a good many shillings to King de Carteret for his ancient heritage.

Many tales are told of malefactors and pirates and shipwreck on Brechou. There is the story of the East Indiaman, the Valentine, which, after making tack after tack in the terrible narrow waters of the Great Russel, with as much obstinate dignity as if she had been quietly crossing the wide Indian Ocean, was cast away on Brechou. The sea was strewn with bales of spices and gold-dust and dyewood and rich brocade; and they say that in some of the little granite-built dwellings on Serk you can still find pieces of the gorgeous stuffs that formed part of her freight. A thousand years before that, we are told by one Warnefried of Aquila, three ships of Charlemagne's were wrecked on the island of Evodia — to this day this old name for Brechou lingers in the name of "La Givaude," borne by its westernmost cone of detached rock. Brechou is about half a mile long and two hundred and fifty yards wide. There is one family on it — two, they say, have been experimentally proved an impossibility, because, like the two families on Ireland's Eye, just off the Great Head of Howth, they quarrelled to a degree incompatible with life; for seven years these two Irish families were the only inhabitants, and never exchanged a word. There is a delightful story of a maiden from Brechou who went with her father on a visit to Alderney — a far quieter and less advanced region, say the Sercquois, than their island. After six weeks she implored her father: "O mon père, revenons chez nous, le monde est si mauvais!" Poor little maiden, unlike her prototype, that other Miranda, she did not exclaim, "How beautiful mankind is! O brave new world that has such

people in it!" Alas, no: "O mon père, le monde est si mauvais!" On the whole one is inclined to think the maiden from Brechou the queen of prigs.

Now hear what the Sercquois say of Alderney. "Aurigny? Aurigny, Mam'zelle; c'est le dernier pays du monde!" But the friend who said this to me is a cobbler, and cobblers are always men of advanced views. However, I have heard a similarly low opinion of the Lewis expressed by the natives of Skye, and it is more probably just insular pride.

Under the Moie du Gouillot is one of the great wonders of Serk. The "mighty twin hollows where never the sunlight shall be" which inspire one of the most striking passages in Swinburne's poem—a passage too long to quote, beautiful and exact though it is in parts, in spite of its exaggeration and its amazing apotheosis of Victor Hugo. These are a series of caves, or rather vast fissures, very deep, and opening out of each other far into the hillside, constantly washed by the sea, and accessible to human beings only at low water of a high spring-tide.

And the seal on the seventh day breaks but a little that man may behold  
What the sun hath not looked on, the stars of the night have not seen as of old.

I will not stop to describe these in detail, but will only shortly relate how one day, the last of our stay, we descended into the bowels of the earth, Corrie and I, reinforced and comforted by the presence of my brother, newly escaped from a term's pedagogy, and guided by a delightful youth of the Sercquois, one De Carteret, cunning in the caves. First there is a very awkward descent by an almost nominal path "for passage of sea-mews," down to the boulders and seaweed left uncovered by the tide. Corrie, not being a sea-mew, soon began to see that it was going to be very picturesque indeed. She followed us downward ever with increasing signs of terror, growing more and more Cassandra-like in her whines of warning, and in the anxious appeal of her brown eyes and erect ears, as we drew nearer to the portals of Hades. When, however, greatly amazed at our own prowess, my brother and I proceeded to follow Johnnie de Carteret through a narrow crevice of rock, and plunged into over two feet of restless sea-water—in the month of April, be it said—she gave up all hope of a returning, and stood on the brink of this Styx rending the air, and all but cleaving the rocks, with her appalling shrieks. She

submitted, however, to being dragged through by the scruff of the neck, and afterwards returned the same way, alacritous, to the upper air.

These caves—Les Creux du Gouillot—are the most wonderful natural aquaria in Britain. The zoologists who, up to the waist in water, have danced for joy in them at sight of the rare and wondrous things with sesquipedalian names which they contain, are many and famous. Even to our unlearned eyes it was evident that here were sponges, and corallines, and anemones by millions and millions, in every color, rich and strange; and it was impossible to move away, even though it involved standing ankle-deep in icy water, from a wall of rock thirty feet high, covered with what looked a forest of amber-colored moss, from each of whose myriad stalks hung, it seemed, a living pearl. That Victor Hugo "grossly overrated" the size of the octopus which generally lives here I am able to state confidently, from researches on the spot.

But the most lovely sight to weary eyes is the view right through the Moie du Gouillot. One cave is open at both ends, and out of the dimness of the kingdom of the sea is seen, framed by the deep claret-colored tunnel of rock as Eurydice may have beheld the fair earth on that tragic journey which found no end, the little bay. Boats rocking below, the ladder and the rope, the gold and green of the cliff edges against the sky above, white gulls crossing and passing out of sight, and the innumerable laughter of its blue waters in the sunshine which never touches these secret places of the earth where the sea has worn a home for its children.

This little haven, by which we landed on Serk, is called Havre Gosselin—as pretty a name almost as it deserves.

We, Corrie and I, mounted up somehow that first day, but how the luggage came up I never knew. It consisted of a few papers, a volume of Shakespeare, a couple of volumes of Carlyle, a pamphlet or two on Church and State, that fittest of lovely story-books, Butcher and Lang's translation of the *Odyssey*—especially Mr. Swinburne's poems on Serk. These, and a few changes of raiment. But when I think of that cliff, half-a-crown entered in my accounts seems to me poorly to symbolize the mystery of the upbringing of this little library and the adjacent garments.

Once on Serk, you find how many times more charming it is when you are on it

than when you are off it. I am not sure that among the many islands I have known intimately it at all specially "courts the gazer at a distance." To court the gazer, it should have a sky-line, should run up, as even mean little islands do in Scotland, into lovely shapes of mountain peak or dome-shaped hill. Serk, on the other hand, as Corrie discovered to her immense delight, is practically level a-top. She found that the only abruptness was the extreme edge all round, and that if she could succeed in keeping from rolling over this, the rest was a beautiful plain, where, by merely sitting down in the middle, you could agreeably prove yourself the centre of the earth, and take note of every object thereon calculated to please or excite. For though she is a dog of feeling, suffering more especially from prolonged fits of *Weltschmerz*, she delights, as does every dog, in excitement of any kind at all.

To the human eye, however, this wide lookout, the untrammelled vision —

From thine high place of thy garden-steep,  
Where one sheer terrace oversees thy deep —

across the most beautiful surface on earth, the sea, brings a satisfaction, a delight, which nothing else can. Ruskin somewhere speaks of this, "the joy that the mind has in contemplating the flatness and sweep of great plains and broad seas;" and I remember a beautiful description of the view from the Carlyles' house at Craigenputtock, whence you look down upon the upland plains of Galloway, "the marching-place of the sun from morning until night." This is one of the secrets of the beauty of high islands. To be on a mountain-side is something, is much; but to look down from a mountain on the sea all round, to behold the earth divided into land and water, to see as you do from Arran the Mull of Cantyre spread below you like a ribbon dividing the nearer sea from a golden sea beyond, or, as I have heard described, from Parnassus to behold Eubœa lying a gently swelling island in the Ægean, and to look beyond, past island after island, to where white Athos and the Ionian shore show like a dream on the horizon, is to behold the fairest aspect of the earth. And of this delight the soul can drink day after day in this little island in the Channel. You see that there is the wide surface of the sea all round. To the west lie Guernsey and Herm and Jethou, to the east and north lies Alderney, and Jersey, its rocky edge so like that of Serk, lit up

by the western sun. The long, yellow sweep of sand gleaming against the blue is the Cotentin and France itself; and to the north stretches the ocean farther than the eye can see.

The only mountain peak on this island is the Vauroque windmill; the church is a mere hillock. The mill and the island together are just the height of St. Paul's. A mile or two off, Serk presents an almost level sky-line with the conical top of the mill rising from it, and it has always been a point from which to observe and make signals. Over the door, carved in stone, and pierced out of the vane of the weather-cock, is the date 1571 — the year before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, when Elizabeth, having forbidden her Commons to discuss any marriage projects for her royal self, was busy helping the Huguenots, and with such matters as the colonization of Serk by her faithful liege the Seigneur Hélier de Carteret of St. Ouen in Jersey, and his forty good men and true. The mill, by the way, is an especial object of terror to Corrie, who used to sit in horrified fascination watching its circle of sails fifty feet across sweeping through the air with their heavy rush of sound.

As for size, throw the London parks into one and surround them with water, and you have an island almost exactly the size of Serk and its dependencies; and how charming is this little space of earth! It seemed but a level plain, but there is a wonderful beauty and diversity in these two square miles or so, in the rise and fall of the land as it runs out on to some headland, or sinks into the hollows between; in the interchange of pasture and of ploughed field, and of gorse-covered common, even in the beautiful country roads, some of them overarched with trees, and with flowery banks like the lanes in Devon, leading from farm-steadings to farm-steadings, across a little territory where there seems no disorder nor waste, nor a speck of dirt. And constantly within reach is the magnificence of its edge of cliffs and the delightful irregularity of an outline of which the birds as they fly can never tire.

Owing to this wonderful irregularity, one of the dependencies of Serk is more dependent than is, I imagine, at all usual. Somewhere in one of the "guide-books" it is stated that part of Serk is "separated" from the rest "by a precipice." Now it would be idle to discuss this definition; it only shows how difficult it is to define anything at all. Let us rather hear Swinburne again: —

Through that steep straight of rock whose  
twin-cliffed height  
Links crag with crag reiterate, land with land,  
By one sheer thread of narrowing precipice  
Bifront, that binds and sunders  
Abyss from hollower imminent abyss  
And wilder isle with island, blind for bliss  
Of sea that lightens and of wind that thun-  
ders.

There is in fact another Serk, Little Serk, joined to Great Serk by a very notable precipice indeed, which is one of the great sights of the Channel Islands. It is named *La Coupée*, and is simply a place where the two edges of the outline meet, back to back! The sea has washed away all but a ridge of harder rock, perhaps three hundred yards long or more, a very small number of yards across the base from sea to sea, and no yards at all, only five feet, wide on the top—while it falls down to the water fully three hundred feet on either side. On one side it is a vertical unscalable precipice; on the other, though it is, as the old Scotch gardener said of the garden wall, “perpen-eneuch-deecular, Maister Alexander,” still it is just possible at one place to scramble down to the largest and one of the most beautiful bays, *La Grande Grève*. The bay on the other side is *La Baleine*; and as the harder vein of rock was fairly in the middle of the island, the two bays are much of a size east and west. The *Coupée* runs north and south. It is a striking and terrifying place; the wild beauty of the cliffs encircling the two bays, which all but meet below, the flying western light on the moor of Little Serk, and on the dark-grey crested sea on either hand. Imagine the *Coupée* pierced and the waters meeting, and you have another *Gouillot*, with another *Evodia* beyond. On the top is the only road leading to and from Little Serk. There is neither wall nor handrail, and yet carts pass even in the dusk, and the children daily cross to school. Formerly the ridge was higher and the path narrower; and one man, returning from his nightly carouses on the greater, to his home on the lesser island, was wont to try his steadiness by walking along an old cannon which lies near the end of the *Coupée*, prudently, if he failed to keep his balance, sleeping off the fumes of the poteen before venturing farther. There was a man, too, not very long ago, who was carrying his feudal tithe of corn across on his back, and was seized by a gust of wind and blown over, and so perished.

Contrary to one's expectations and con-

victions Little Serk is south of Great Serk; but the island is puzzling to a stranger unless he has, as some people have, the instincts of a carrier pigeon. Vauroque mill and the church and the schools, all at some few yards' distance from each other, are fairly in the centre. Village, properly so called, there is none. “*Sur la chaussée*” is vaguely indicated as the locality where strangers are talked over or gossip circulated—by the men; women never gossip. Rather towards the east and south are the two small hotels. The one, *Dixcart Hotel*, is at the head of a beautiful wooded combe, leading down to the lovely little *Dixcart Bay*, past Little *Dixcart*, which consists of a group of the most delightful granite-built farmhouses, in front of which grow great bushes of camellias covered with rosy flowers. The other, the *Victoria Hotel*, the smallest hotel in the world but one, is at the corner where four roads meet—one of which leads up from the sea and *Le Creux*, the “harbor with the double entrance, where ships may ride,” surely a unique harbor. It opens, due east from the *Havre Gosse-lin*, on the Jersey side of Serk; and though the only deep valley of any sort runs down here, the road and the valley are blocked close to the sea by a mass of cliff which appears from the water as impenetrable and inaccessible as any part of the coast-line. A strong granite break-water runs out into the sea from the foot of this in what seems the most irrelevant way, and it is an almost theatrical surprise to find that the way into the island is through two long tunnels pierced right through the cliff—the only means of access to the valley and the road; a very pretty surprise if it does seem like a theatre.

The dark deep sea-gate that makes way  
Through channelled darkness for the darkling  
day,  
Hardly to let men's faltering footfall win  
The sunless passage in,  
Where breaks a world aflower against the  
sun,  
A small sweet world of wave-encompassed  
wonder.

To this beautiful little harbor there comes in early spring only a fitful steam-tug from Guernsey—once a week fairly certainly; twice a week not certainly at all. In the mean while no letters, no papers, an utter absence of excitement of an altruistic kind. They are home-rulers—rulers of their own home, that is—the *Sercquois*, and can dispense with many things in consequence; and if the affairs of the em-



pire should demand immediate attention, the two gallant Serk cutters, the Nelson and the Rescue, would certainly put out to sea ready for any emergency.

There is a delightful sense of leisure on islands, of conquest over time and hurry. The hungry have their meals fairly punctually, the children are let out of school when the bell rings at noon; there is church on Sundays; but beyond that, a few hours, a day, or more days, what do they really matter? You expect to go on a certain day by the steam-tug. "*Le vapeur n'est pas arrivé aujourd'hui*" — and without a murmur, with a sigh of relief, you leave your things unpacked, and stay till it seems you can really go. Some one on the mill perhaps perceives the *vapeur* or the Serk cutter approaching miles out to sea. It will take her so-and-so long to come round the point or to tack round the south end. And then in a leisurely fashion the carts and the sledges — they use sledges on the roads all the year round — go down to the Creux. And presently Jean Philippe de Carteret or some other man comes up with the mail; and you perceive how unnecessary it is, after all, to read through four or five numbers of the *Daily News*; you doubt the very existence of Russia or even of Ireland; while the letters of your friends — what if they are a week old? they are as fresh as if written an hour before.

I heard the most vague and divergent views expressed as to the population I should find on Serk. Some believed that there were twelve human beings, others were sure that there were six horses. I trust, therefore, I shall not be suspected of over-fondness for statistics if I briefly state that there are on the island over five hundred human souls — two to every acre of its area; horses and cows we will say in proportion; but I never met an ass. These five hundred people live in the most charmingly clean and trim-looking little dwellings of grey granite — some thatched, some slate-roofed — scattered all over the island singly or in small groups. Nothing prettier could be imagined than Philippe de Carteret's cottage close by the church, with its garden full of every flower sweet to look at or to smell, or than the schoolmaster's, thick with rose-buds up to the very roof. There are a good many trees in various parts — in the valleys towards the sea, a beautiful grove of ilex round the church, and especially along the roads. The roads are one of the great beauties of the island, and may fitly lead to a few words about the people

who made them. They are very wide — mostly twenty-four feet — and beautifully kept, and are the property of the seigneur, — literally royal roads, the king's highway; and the *corvée* by which they have been maintained ever since they were made, is an institution far older than the history of the present race of Sercquois.

This history, small as it is, is exceedingly interesting as an almost perfect specimen of feudal institutions and of complete local government. In the early centuries of our era it presents features in common with almost any part of Norman, or indeed northern European history. While in the sixth century Columba was making the little island of Iona a centre of learning and of missionary enterprise, Serk also had its island saint — as usual, also an Irishman — a certain St. Magloire. As is almost invariable, besides theology he practised the art of healing, and found a patron in a grateful patient — a certain lord in the Cotentin named L'Oiseau. With sixty-two companions Magloire took possession — not without miraculous tokens — of the island granted to him, built an oratory and cells, and became the founder of a missionary college. Part of his monastery still stands; his fish-pond is Le Réservoir, his sluice L'Ecluse; the little stream running down from these, which turned his water-mill, flows into the sea at the Port du Moulin; and the whole territory is still La Moinerie. He himself, and his dead body after him — for saints, unlike Oliver Cromwell with his head, had never quite done with their bodies — performed many miracles. One of these old stories is still full of human interest. It refers, however, to a time when St. Magloire still animated his very efficacious tenement of clay. Attached to the monastery was a school for boys of noble birth. One day these children, playing on the beach, got into an old rotten vessel lying above high-water mark. In a few minutes a hurricane — so says the legend, at least — launched them on the waters of the Great Russel, where they drifted without oars, sails, or rudder at the mercy of wind and tide. When real terror succeeded to their first fearful joy, St. Magloire appeared to them bodily (*quasi corporaliter*), and steered the vessel with his staff to the coast of France. The king of that country, moved to admiration of the saint by the children's story, filled their vessel with all manner of stores and rich gifts, and, animated by faith, sent it off to sea again



with no more provision in the way of pilot than before, and in safety it returned to the Port du Moulin. St. Magloire forgave the boys who thus for three days had shirked school and "absence," perhaps because he was not insensible, as we are told, to the gifts they brought. Up to the sixteenth century Serk was in the diocese of Coutances. It is curious that in the old cemetery belonging to this priory, the dead lay with their heads towards the east.

Then follow centuries of pirate occupation, from the Danes in the ninth century to Eustace le Moine in the thirteenth. Serk and the rest of the isles of the Cotentin held to John and passed to England when he lost Normandy. They are the last remnant of the Norman dukedom, and the islanders say, and print even now, "we took England,"—a consciousness which would seem to be the only peaceful basis for imperial federation. In the first half of the fourteenth century, David Bruce, with his Scots, "slayed and burned" in the islands; and by the end of it Serk was so intolerable on account of its population of pirates and wreckers, that some seamen of the Cinque Ports, feigning to ask permission to bury one of their number, landed, instead of their dead captain, a coffin full of arms, with which they destroyed their pirate hosts. But when Panurge, in Rabelais's wonderful *Odyssey*, describes "*Cercq et Herm*" as "*isles des forfants, des larrons, des brigands, des meurtriers et assassineurs; tout extraicts du propre original des basses fosses de la conciergerie. Ils sont . . . pires que les Canibales. Ils nous mangeroient tous vifs. N'y descendez pas, de grâce. Mieulx vous seroit en Averne descendre. Escouter. Je y oi, par Dieu, le tocquasing horrifique,*" imploring *Frère Jean*, "*ce diable de moine ici, ce moine de diable,*" and all his companions, not to land, and becoming more and more hysterical in the most ludicrous access of terror to be found in all fiction,—in the first place, Panurge is always the same lying, cowardly scamp; and secondly, the inhabitants of Serk, when Rabelais wrote, were a garrison of Frenchmen holding the island against Henry VIII.

In 1555 a party of Flemings, subjects of Philip II., surprised and carried off this disreputable French garrison, and offered the island to Mary; but Mary was, it may be imagined, too full of her recent marriage to take any notice of the offer, and the island remained without inhabit-

ants. Elizabeth's conduct in regard to it is characteristic in the highest degree of her and of the difference between the two queens. Restlessly active and bent on tidying all her affairs in Church and State, in 1563, while the Thirty-nine Articles were being drawn up to regulate her spiritual dominions, she had also a commission sitting to sell all waste land under her sway. Sir Walter Raleigh was then governor of Jersey, and the seigneur of St. Ouen in Jersey, as brave a man as lived in that brave time, seeing the danger which the deserted island of Serk ran of being captured by the French, and seeing also admirable opportunity for planting a model colony therein, applied to this commission, and together they prayed the captain of Guernsey to permit the Seigneur of St. Ouen to take possession of Serk. To this the captain of Guernsey gave his free and hearty consent—£50 down to be paid into the crown court.

This seigneur, Hélier or Hilary de Carteret, had a wife worthy of her husband. Together they passed over into Serk, lodging in Magloire's old ruined bit of chapel, and immediately tried a piece of land with wheat. Next year De Carteret went to live in Serk altogether, along with "*Madame*," and a number of his vassals from St. Ouen. All the provisions, fuel, building material, and so on, had to be brought over by water from Jersey. The new colonists were at first occupied in killing the rabbits and reclaiming the warrens, and the little grey Serk rabbits of to-day have an utterly amazing faculty, developed, no doubt, as the result of these persecutions, of running headlong down absolute precipices, apparently into the sea. Hélier's next step was to bring over a minister of the Gospel, one Cosmé Brevint, a native of Angoulême, in Normandy, and the church on Serk soon became known as the most vigorous and pious of the Huguenot churches in the islands, and its synods were attended by many ministers, and by the captains of Jersey and Guernsey.

Having now well ordered the island, Hélier went to Queen Elizabeth, in London, and to her and to her Privy Council he, in 1565, presented the map of Serk, in which, unlike poor Mary, she "*did take singular delight.*" She created it a fief haubert, on yearly payment of fifty sols, the one-twentieth part of a knight's fee. She gave him also, as a mark of her pleasure, six pieces of artillery, two demi-culverins, two sakers, two falcons, all new, from the Tower of London. One beauti-

ful old gun still lies in the Seigneurie grounds, bearing the words "Don de la Roynne, 1565."

Elizabeth, in her letters patent to Hélier de Carteret, talks in a beautifully comprehensive way of "the island of Sercq, situate within *our Dutchy of Normandy*," and indeed Calais had been lost only six years. The one condition on which Hélier de Carteret held his fief was that he should cause the island to be inhabited by forty good men, faithful and loyal lieges to the English crown. If after three repeated fines he should fail to make up the requisite number of men, able and armed, and well drilled for the guard and defence of the island, "it shall be lawful for the queen or her heirs to *re-enter* the island of Serk." An ideal scheme of home rule is implied in these terms. In all other respects the seigneur was and is king of the island. He had a sort of rude harbor made on the side nearest Jersey, tunnelling the cliff to reach it; and the roads—on which every one having *feu et lieu* is still obliged to work for a certain number of days yearly, or else, failing a substitute, to pay a fine of 1s. 5½d. a day—were laid out at once in their fine breadth.

The colonizing was a matter of some difficulty. The bulk of the colonists were from St. Ouen in Jersey, but there were a few Guernsey men headed by De Carteret's friend Nicolas Gosselin, after whom the little eastward Havre is named, and even occasional waifs and strays had to be welcomed—of whom some were English, Baker and Slowly, and the like. But the majority are old Norman names that would do honor to the peerage. De Carteret and Hamond, Le Mesurier, Vaudin, Le Feuvre, are the family names in the island to this day.

According to the terms of the patent, the seigneur divided the island into forty parcels, to each of which was attached a bit of cliff down. These were leased in perpetuity to the *tenants*, who are what might be termed customary freeholders. Each *tenant* was obliged to build a good house on his land. No money was paid for the lease, but the seigneur has tithes—the tenth sheaf of wheat, barley, oats, beans, peas, flax, and hemp, a tithe of apples, lambs, wool, and a certain number of capons. Though the coins in use are francs and the Guernsey "double," the value of everything in Serk is computed in quarters of wheat, so that wheat is the actual money of the island, as barley was in Greece in Solon's time. The rent of a

piece of ground, for instance, is computed at so many *cabots* the *verge* or half-acre. The land reverts to the seigneur absolutely if there are no heirs within the seventh canonical degree, or if the tithe is unpaid for three successive years, and it cannot be seized for any other debt than the seigneurial dues. Later on, when it acquired a further value, resulting from occupation, sale, or rather a transference of the lease, became possible; but according to a statute of James I. reinforced after the Restoration, it is incapable of division, and the sale can be effected only with the sanction of the seigneur. The essential condition, however, is the obligation of military service. Theoretically every Sercquois is a soldier, and the seigneur, no matter though he be in orders, or a woman, is colonel of the Serk militia. Like everything else, however, at the present moment the forces of the island are "in a state of transition," and for the last seven years have been changing from infantry to artillery—wisely doing nothing the while, and having as their sole military possessions one hundred and twenty pairs of boots.

The jurisdiction on the island was at first in all respects similar to that of Jersey. The Chefs Plaids were and are the assembly of every tenant on the island, and are the fountain of law and justice. The first laws, dated Serk, 1579, are quaint enough. At the "Premier Chefs Plaids de Serk, tenus le 5<sup>e</sup> Novembre, A.D. 1579," we find in the Norman French, which is still the official language of the island, the most solemn law made, enjoining on every owner of pigs—*bestes porchines*—to have them properly *annelées*—that is, provided with rings through their noses. Another law deals with the marking of cattle and sheep, the marks to be entered in a book on St. John Baptist's Day. Again, another is an instance of local option, and finally decides that the tavern-keepers shall send every one to their homes at sunset, imposing very severe fines for allowing anything, or any one, to be drunk on the premises after sundown.

Another of these laws, surviving in full force as it does to the present day, is romantically interesting. At the Chefs Plaids in February, 1579, we find first of all five men fined because they did not go to sermon on a certain Sunday evening; and then one Jacques Vaudin is fined "*pour avoir crié HARO et à l'aide de la Roynne*," without cause shown, or any wound or blood on his body. This means of redress is still open to every Sercquois

He has but to repeat the Lord's Prayer in French, to cry "Haro, Haro! Rollo mon prince à mon aide, on me fait tort!" and a court has to be called, and the matter adjudged. The *cri de haro* was certainly used in Serk within this generation, and might be used at any time even now as a means of obtaining redress. It is strangely thrilling to hear the old Norse cry echoing through thousands of years.

The Guernsey folk soon became jealous of the independent way in which the Sercquois managed their own affairs, and succeeded in 1582 in securing a sort of over-lordship in the matter of jurisdiction. The settlement they made practically continues to this day, but the five jurats appointed by them were abolished in the reign of Charles II., owing to the difficulty of finding five men in Serk who would take the oaths or receive the sacrament as directed by law. And one conformist being easier to find than five, one man was appointed seneschal, combining the offices of judge in the court, and speaker in the legislative assembly.

The legislature at present consists of the seigneur and the forty holders of land, who, under the presidency of the seneschal, constitute the Chefs Plaids. There is also a prévôt, acting in the threefold capacity of procureur de la reine, sergeant, and prévôt, and the greffier or registrar. The seigneur or his deputy must be present. The laws of Serk are those of the ancient Coutumier de Normandie, so that the work of the Chefs Plaids consists in passing ordinances for such matters as the *corvée* on the roads and fortifications, the construction and regulation of harbors, and the budget. The public revenue is at present about £140. The first poor-rate is no older than 1802. The first property tax was levied to supply oil and fuel for the guard-house on Serk when England declared war against France in 1793. The break-water at Le Cruex was built by *corvée*, and then, in a very public-spirited manner, further expense was defrayed by a self-imposed tax on spirituous liquors—a very self-denying ordinance for the Sercquois, if the truth must be told.

The Chefs Plaids of Serk, also to their honor be it said, made education compulsory a good many years before Mr. Dixon's bill in favor of compulsory education was rejected in England. The intelligence and refinement, the absence of vulgarity which is really striking in the islanders, is doubtless largely due to this wise measure, even allowing a great deal for other

causes, such as the purity of race and the influence of beautiful scenery. The schools are excellently managed, chiefly because the authorities have pursued the wise plan of selecting a good master for the boys and a good mistress for the girls, and then letting them alone as much as may be. No doubt a bilingual education such as these children enjoy—a real possession of two languages—always does a great deal towards developing the intelligence. There is something quaintly delightful to the mind of a "schoolmarm" to come in upon a matter of seventy boys or so of all ages, in the most admirable order under the rule of one single master, and then to be courteously invited to take a class, the "sixth"—the lesson to be in the natural tongue of these sturdy little Britons, in French. Unfortunately there is little or no French poetry available; and after a most satisfactory reading lesson in French on physical geography, to hear "The boy stood on the burning deck" repeated line by line in short explosions of very foreign English, was trying to the gravity of even a very "old hand." The girls were charming, beautifully clean and neat, and with the manners of little ladies as they pattered away in *sabots* after school, and paid compliments to Corrie, who, used to superintending the education of the young, had been doing her school-inspecting with great care and evident approval. They frequently stay at school till the age of fifteen. All the children are remarkably good arithmeticians. The revenue for the schools is derived from various sources, but the original contribution was one *cabot* of wheat from every tenant. The singing is beautiful, the schoolmaster is excellently musical, and the islanders as a whole no less, as is evident from the singing in church, where French versions of hymns, ancient and modern, are sung to old Norman tunes which rise and fall like the swell and surge of the sea, and break in beautiful little turns and grace-notes. The whole church service is in French, translated by the orders of Queen Elizabeth for her "Dutchy of Normandy," and the English ritual, in its French garb, remains extremely dignified and beautiful. In spite of the liturgy, however, there is an unmistakable flavor of Puritanism which recalls the time when, James I. being on the throne, Serk alone of the Channel Islands had not conformed, and its then pastor, Elie Brevint, educated at the strictly Calvinistic University of Saumur, could write: "For thou alone art found—the

youngest amongst four sisters — who hast kept the commandments of thy God. The other three have broken loose. Have thou, therefore, nothing to do with their adulteries, that thou be not partaker of their plagues. Acknowledge thou no other Bishop and Head of the Church but the Eternal Son."

The seigneur appoints and maintains the clergyman; and it is only since the latter half of the last century that the ministers of Serk, who have all been French or Swiss Presbyterians, and educated at foreign universities, such as Saumur and Rennes, have received episcopal ordination. The islands are in the diocese of Winchester.

And here of all places Dr. Pusey, just fifty years ago, when he was suspended from his duties at Oxford, preached the first sermon in English, and wore the first surplice, which he expressly left for the use of the church. The then vicar of Serk, an extremely learned and devoted man, who never left the island during more than forty years, used, by the way, to preach vigorously about *la longue éternité*—a qualification for which we should surely be grateful, though it has an odd Irish sound.

As is usual in England, the strongest force is, however, Dissent, and there is a large attendance at the Methodist chapel.

The court consists of the seneschal as judge, of the prévôt and greffier. In one case which happened during our stay, the greffier, who was also our landlord, was sued by the seigneur, who has among other royal rights *le droit de tavernage*, for not renewing his license; and I do not know, though I tried to find out from him, if he registered his own sentence. These officers are appointed by the seigneur, and sworn in before the royal court at Guernsey. The police consists of a constable and *vingtenier*, appointed by the Chefs Plaids. The seneschal has complete jurisdiction in all offences involving a fine of not more than three livres, or imprisonment for not more than three times twenty-four hours. The prison is the most grotesque little building. The thing looks like a tea-caddy, with architectural embellishments at the corners like the ears on a fool's cap. A little English maidservant imprisoned there for theft utterly refused to be locked up, and the door was accordingly left wide open, relays of Sercquoises coming with their knitting to sit by the little culprit till her time of durance was over.

We witnessed a *cour*—a case of libel

of the most cruel kind. Jean Pierre le Feuvre sued Thomas Godfray, in so far as he, Thomas Godfray, had on the quay at Guernsey alleged that *le dit* Jean Pierre le Feuvre had put butterine in his butter—that he was "a man of butterine!"

At noon on the appointed day the men of Serk met at the school—a crowd no island king in Hellas need have been ashamed to call his subjects. Tall men, with finely cut, intelligent faces and long ruddy beards, often hanging in locks like those of a Greek statue; clad in blue jerseys, and some even in scarlet Phrygian caps, they looked a far more picturesque crowd than the chorus of fishermen in the "Ajax," as it was done at Cambridge some years ago. They hung about discussing the matter in their strange Norman speech, the "youths" standing respectfully listening to their elders, till all crowded into the school—the tenants at one end, the officers of justice, with the seigneur and the plaintiff and defendant, at the other. The greffier repeated the Lord's Prayer in French, and then in *patois* began accusation and defence, pleading and counter-pleading, face to face, in the old Roman fashion. Jean Pierre le Feuvre was indignant and impressive, while the defence was shifty though ingenious. "Peut-être que je l'ai dit qu'on a mis de la butterine dans le beurre, mais je n'ai pas dit que c'était Jean Pierre le Feuvre, je n'ai pas nommé personne, ni Jean le Feuvre, ni Pierre le Feuvre; il ne peut pas dire que je l'ai nommé." The seneschal listened with quiet dignity as the disputants warmed to their work, and after a time decided *qu'il y avait cause*, and that both parties should call witnesses and appear on a given day. Godfray's libel was proved, we afterwards heard, and he was fined.

The seigneur, who occupies this important and romantic position, lives in a beautiful house with grounds leading to the Port du Moulin. The grounds and gardens are most lovely—glowing in April with camellias and roses and all manner of sweet-smelling flowers. Among the English trees and the flood of primroses everywhere, there are palms and blue-gum trees and New Zealand flax, and in the pond clumps of arums and wild rhubarb, whose leaf-buds are as big as a baby's head. And the seigneur of Serk may sit in peace under his own fig-tree, for he has a gigantic one trained on a horizontal trellis as large as a ball-room, and over five feet high, covered with thou-

sands of figs. The enemies of the figs are the black rats, which are peculiar to Serk, and too dainty to eat anything but fruit. There was also an aloe, unfortunately done blooming, a gigantic flower-spike fifteen feet high or more. We found the seigneur and his lady the kindest possible hosts on more than one occasion. Everything is quaint and pretty; the old drawwells, very deep, with a huge clump of mesembryanthemum on the roof, which in a few weeks will be a mass of scarlet blossom; the soft-colored cows passing through gates which turn on hinges made of a large flat stone with a hole drilled through it; the women dressed still in Puritan black, with picturesque black sunbonnets; the grain dancing in the dusty sunlight as the threshers beat the sheaves down upon a wooden block; men with their great lobster creels passing down to the Creux; and little Priscilla in her short black frock standing outside our windows in the sun — three years old and motherless, with eyes like the blue of heaven peeping from under a vast black hat.

And so the last day has come. We pay a visit to Captain Guille to arrange about the cutter, the *vapeur* having by no means *arrivé* to take us off as was expected. The tryst is for four o'clock next morning at the Eperquerie, the scene of Swinburne's woful "ballad of Sark." *La marée ne servira plus tard*, says Captain Guille, if we want to catch the packet. And Mme. Vaudin, most excellent of landladies, asks, "Shall I unlight the lights?" after she has promised us breakfast, no matter when. And at three in the morning we find breakfast, almost as good as the Scotch breakfasts even Dr. Johnson extolled, and we pass down across the sleeping island, Corrie barking all the way in a manner calculated to wake the dead, to where the cutter lies rocking far below by the north point. The rocks stand out in the grey dawn like black diamonds from the grey sea, as we wind down over the short, sweet-scented turf towards them. The light is burning steady at Guernsey to the left; behind us, on the French coast, another light marks La Pointe de Cartret, and the great revolving light of the Caskets is flaming out to sea. The level red lines of a different splendor where sky and water meet are the forerunners of the sun.

*La marée presse!* they call to us from below; we get on board, and slowly pass away across the calm morning sea. The rocks, La Chapelle des Mauves, Les Burons, the Bec du Nez, sink lower and seem

to crowd back towards their parent island as we leave it behind. We look across the water, and we feel that what we are leaving is a season of calm weather — the sight of that immortal sea which is revealed to us in scenes like these, where we can hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

SOPHIE WEISSE.

From Chambers' Journal.  
RICHARD CABLE,  
THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"  
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MAGPIE.

THERE stood a humble inn — a tavern, rather — called the Magpie, on the downs; its door opened on no highroad; but it stood where lanes or side parish roads converged. In the olden days, it had been a resort of smugglers, who had run their goods into Pentargon cove. The taverner had then always maintained half-a-dozen donkeys, and these were employed in transporting the smuggled goods up the cliffs by the precarious path which alone gave access to the cove, and enabled goods brought there to be carried away. The smugglers knew well enough how to surmount the most difficult portion of the ascent; they stretched a rope along it from a crowbar driven into the turf above. As for the donkeys, they were unshod and sure-footed, they would run almost where a squirrel went.

But the smuggling times were past, so were the days when a lively trade in wrecks was carried on; and the Magpie would have perished of inanition, had not the landlord begun to enclose the downs and annex a farm to his alehouse. The place was so exposed, so wind-swept, that only rye would grow there; but he kept plenty of sheep and several pigs, and reared, though he could not fatten, cattle.

As none of the roads that met at the Magpie were market-roads, the host could only count on stray passengers, fagged with laborious scrambles up the stony and steep coast-road, to drop in for refreshment. His most regular customers were the coastguard, who, in their nocturnal tramps along the cliffs, passed his door twice every night, and never passed without a halt and a drop of comfort.

Partly because the coastguard wished



to do Jacob Cory's a good turn, and partly because the Magpie was the nearest inn, they conveyed the Cable family beneath its sheltering roof. Richard was put to bed, a surgeon sent for; and Mrs. Cable undressed the children, borrowed dry clothes of the landlady for them, and set to work to wash the salt out of their garments and hang them up to dry.

Scarcely had the Cables been housed, before a swarm of men came down the cliff to the beach, from which the tide was retreating, invaded the Bessie, and began to ransack and strip her, as the ants will attack and strip a dead bird cast near their mound. Sails, shrouds, anchor, binnacle, the fittings of the cabin, the contents of the galley, the mattresses of the berths, the benches, stools, the chest, everything they could remove was carried away. They heeded neither cold nor wet; they disregarded the peril to their lives from the waves that still swept the wreck, so eager, so ravenous were they for spoil.

The days of the wreckers are long over—that is to say the days when wrecking was called wrecking; it is now called salving, from the Latin word *salvare*, to save; but this does not imply that those who have been wrecked get much more than if they had fallen into the hands of wreckers. Those whose fathers went wrecking, now go salving; and very consoling it is to us to know that we have made such an advance in civilization. As a matter of fact, the thing is pretty much the same. All salvage is supposed to be given up to an official receiver of wreck—on the coast where the Bessie was cast, this was the head coastguard. But it is by no means certain that all that is salvaged is thus delivered over. When the receiver has got what the salvors have chosen to deliver up, then the Board of Trade investigates, and decides between the respective claims of the owner and the salvor, retaining, however, a share for the crown. Mostly the wreckage is sold by auction first; and it is the proceeds which are divided, the crown taking a third, and the salvors a third; and a third is left to the owner. To the last-named, the salving looks very like wrecking; to Richard Cable, very much so on this occasion; for the things were sold when he was unable to attend, and the amount raised to be divided by three was not much, and his receipt infinitesimal compared with the value he set on his property. Moreover, things he valued highly sold for pence and farthings. Richard was irritated, and not at all in a frame of mind to be comforted by

the thought that everything he treasured had gone under the category of salvage, and was therefore clean away from him forever.

"It is her doing—it all comes of her!" he muttered, and tossed in fever and rage on his bed. He was unreasonable in his anger. The thought of Josephine as one who brought evil on him and pursued him remorselessly, had taken hold of his fancy, and he attributed every misfortune to her; not altogether without a cause, for had she not made Hanford unendurable to him, he would not have left it; had he not left it, he would not have been wrecked; had he not been wrecked, he would not have been crippled; and had he not been crippled, he would have returned to his ship the moment he saw his children safe, and then no wreckers nor salvors could have meddled with its contents.

His very ship was no longer his own; it had passed into the hands of the salvors. Fortunately, all his money was safe; before leaving, he had secured it about him. But the amount was small, after he had paid his rent and all the little bills at Hanford.

Presently, Mrs. Cable came up and took his hand. It was hot, and his cheeks were flushed. "The surgeon is a long time coming," she said. "O Richard, this accident to you is worst of all."

"That is as it should be," he answered. "I threw little Bessie down and injured her; now she has cast me down and lamed me. If in like manner as she at Hanford Hall"—he would not name Josephine—"has brought misery and ruin on me and mine, misery and ruin might befall her, I were well content."

"Richard," said Mrs. Cable sorrowfully, "I do not recognize you, with these bitter feelings in your heart."

"I do not recognize myself. Do you know how if a little gall falls into a pot, it spoils the whole mess? She has spilt wormwood into my life; and the world, everything I taste and smell and see and hear and feel, is bitterness to me."

The doctor arrived; and with the help of the innkeeper, Richard's leg was got in place again; but the surgeon shook his head, and said that there was more injury than mere displacement done—that the recovery would be slow; the leg must be given perfect rest; and that, unfortunately, it was likely Richard would always have a stiff joint.

"That also," muttered Cable, clinching his hands in the bed—"that I shall owe to her, and bear ever about, as a lasting



record against her, a warning against my ever forgiving her."

He was restless whilst confined to his bed, and his restlessness interfered with his convalescence. He was impatient to get away, to be at his future home. The pain he suffered made him irritable; but disappointment chafed him more than physical pain. What wrong had he done that he should be thus pursued with misfortune? He had done his utmost for his children; he had discharged his duties as a lightshipman, as a son, as a husband, conscientiously; and yet — Providence laid on his back lash after lash, as if he were one who needed chastisement to be brought out of evil courses into the right way. He murmured at the ways of Providence; he accused it of injustice, of cruelty, of blindness. He was wrath with the crew for deserting the Bessie. If they were all drowned, it served them right. Had they remained, one could have continued in command of the vessel, and delivered it from becoming a prey to the salvors. He was angry with those who had despoiled his ship, though he knew that they had acted with legal right. He was incensed with his hostess, who had come up to his sick-room and demanded whether he were prepared to pay for all the food and care and housing he and his family received.

"We're poor folk," said the woman, "and can't afford to keep eight people for nothing. The children eat a lot o' bread and butter, and drink a gallon of milk. My man is a hard-working chap; but he don't calculate to maintain a family as ain't his own."

Richard had promised to pay; but the demand of the woman, though reasonable, appeared selfish and hard to him.

"You know," said she, "I've heard that folks be going about with a brief to get together a few shillings, maybe a couple o' sovereigns or even more, for you; and when you've got the money, you can pay me out of that."

Then Richard was very hot with indignation. "Tell those busybodies who have begun the collection, to return every penny. Not one coin of it will we touch. I am not a beggar. I will take nothing from any one but what I have earned with my hands."

He knew that his scanty fund would soon be exhausted; but he would not stoop to receive a gift. He was a proud man — he had inherited pride from his mother.

Then he thought of Josephine, always

with a simmering rage in his heart. He counted over all the insults she had heaped on him. He recalled her look, the flash of her eye, the distended nostril, the curled lip, the contemptuous shrug of the beautiful shoulders, the intonation of her flexible voice. He could not yet shake off the fascination, the admiration she produced in him; but he thought of her without love. What was she now doing? How had she borne the news of his departure? He knew but too surely. She had laughed, and clapped her hands, and tossed her beautiful head, and said, "I am well rid of him." Now she was free, and enjoying herself, going about to all the tennis parties and picnics and dinners in the neighborhood, courted, making herself agreeable, saying sharp and witty things, singing and playing, forgetting him utterly, and only now and then, when forced to recall him, recollecting him with a sneer. As he thus thought, he ground his teeth and tore at the sheet till he had ripped it into rags; and he bit at the rags and tore them smaller and threw them about him, in impotent fury. Verily, he hated Josephine with deadly hate.

Jacob Corye, his host, was a good-natured man, and he came up with his pipe occasionally, and with a jug of ale in one hand, and sat and talked with him; but his talk did not much interest Cable — it was all about bullocks.

"You see, cap'n, this is how we're beat. We can raise just about any amount of young stock here; but we can't fat 'em. There's no rich pasture to make 'em fat; or it may be the salt that is over all the land, carried by the wind and air for a score o' miles inland, takes the goodness and the fattening properties out o' the grass. I can't say; I'm no scholar. But we can raise 'em; we can raise 'em in any numbers. We can raise and rear 'em; but we can't sell 'em to good advantage, all because we can't fat 'em. If, now, we could fat 'em as well as raise and rear 'em, then it's pounds on pounds we could make; but we can't do it. I've turned it over and over in my mind, and I don't see how it can be altered. You may take my word for it, cap'n, rearing is one thing, raising is another, and fattening is a third. It is just as with milk — there's milking, and creaming, and buttering. Now, we can rear and raise, but we can't fatten; which is all the same as if in a dairy they milked and made cream, but nohow could turn the cream into butter. Consider the loss that would be if they couldn't make butter out of the cream! Or, put it an-

other way with wool — there's the shearing, and then the weaving, and then the tailoring, before the coat of a sheep comes on my back. There's a profit goes in the shearing, another in the weaving, and again in the tailoring. Just reckon it up in your mind what a fortunate thing it would be for me if I could shear the wool off my sheep and clap it straight on to your carcase without any intervention of weaver and tailor. It would not be keeping of the Magpie I'd be then, and getting a few coppers out of the coastguard of a night, when they're prowling about looking for each other. It do rile me uncommon, thinking how I'm beat about the fattening."

"I'm not surprised at your house bearing the sign of the Magpie," said Richard impatiently.

"Ain't you?" answered Jacob. "Well, now, that's a curious coincidence; nor am I. I found it called the Magpie when I was born into it. But — as I was saying about the young cattle."

"Oh — the cattle." Richard turned his head irritably from side to side on the pillow. "I thought you'd fattened 'em off and done with them."

"On the contrary," said Jacob eagerly, "that's just what I can't do. There come the rascally regraders about, and pick up our calves or young stock; and they take 'em to Camelford or Launceston or Bideford, poor and thin, naught but skin and bone, because we can't fatten. If we could fatten as we can rear and raise, we'd get better prices; but we can't. It's like your seven little maids — just as if you could rear 'em and educate 'em, and couldn't marry 'em, because you'd no money to lay on 'em thick as slabs o' yellow fat. There'd be a cruel case, to have the bringing up of all them maidens and not be able to marry 'em. I say it's all the same with our young stock. The regraders make a profit at the market; and then others take the cattle, and when they've fattened 'em, they sell 'em to the butchers; and they kill 'em, and there's a profit again. There's two profits goes out of my pocket, and I'm beat if I know how to compass it to secure 'em to myself."

"I want to go to sleep," growled Richard, driven desperate by the incessant chatter of the host about raising and rearing and fattening.

"Put it to yourself," continued the landlord placidly. "It would be a vexing thing for a father like you to have raised seven little maids — and I will say they're as promising young stock of the human

kind as I've seen many a day — and been to pains and expense rearing and educating of 'em; but you never get no farther — never can fatten 'em. You toil and you contrive and pinch yourself every way for 'em; but they remain like Pharaoh's lean kine. You can't do nothing with 'em; no buyer will take them off your hands; all your labor and care is so much waste, because you can't fatten. That would be an aggravating sight for a father in his old age to have all these seven as bony, lean old maids browsing about him, because he was unable to dispose of 'em in the marriage market. You can understand that; then you can understand the feelings of a farmer here with his calves. There is nothing like bringing a situation home to a man personally by personal application," said Jacob sententiously. "My pipe is out."

"I'm not surprised," sneered Richard. "Hark! what is that? Who is downstairs? I hear a voice I know!"

An exclamation in the doorway from Mrs. Cable: "Oh, Mr. Sellwood! You here!"

"Come all the way from Hanford on purpose," was the answer. "We heard there of the wreck. It was in the papers; and I came to gather information about those who were lost — poor fellows, for their relations. I thought it would ease their minds. But most of all, I've come to see Richard — I have a message for him."

"From whom, rector?"

"From his wife — from poor Josephine."

Poor Josephine? Richard laughed scornfully in his bed.

A brief paragraph in the papers was all that informed Hanford people of the loss of the Bessie. When a ship is wrecked and sailors' or passengers' lives are lost, depositions are taken as to the facts, and the names are entered in an official record; but very little information gets about. When a man-of-war or a passenger vessel sinks, then full lists of those who go down in her are published. When a railway accident occurs, then we know who were killed, who had bones broken, who were bruised, and who had only their hats battered, and their shirts crumpled. But when a sailing-vessel, a trader, a collier, a fishing-smack is lost, the matter is dismissed in a line of the daily paper; there is no sensational writing done about it; no details of the tragedy are given. The loss is too insignificant, too much in the

common run of events, to demand much attention. When, in the post-office, a letter goes astray, especially if that letter contains half-a-dozen postage stamps, a great stir is made; the general post-office sends down an official to investigate the matter, to track the course of these six queen's-heads, and to bring to justice the postman through whose dishonesty they have been made away with. But when a ship, not an envelope, and six living human heads are lost — not six little paper portraits worth a penny each — then a perfunctory inquiry suffices; no one concerns himself to see whether blame attaches to any one; scarcely is the trouble taken to count the lost heads and ascertain whether it were half-a-dozen, or twelve, or a baker's dozen. So, when the scanty tidings of the loss of the Bessie reached Hanford, no one knew the particulars.

In such cases, on the seacoast, the parson is the one who collects the requisite information. He writes to the parson of the parish where the wreck took place, and the latter is almost sure to supply the desired particulars. But if the parson be like Baal, either talking or hunting or on a journey, or peradventure sleeping, then there is neither voice nor any that answereth, and the trembling, anxious wives and mothers must remain in suspense.

The importance of the tidings of the loss of the Bessie did not strike either Josephine or her father at first, for neither was aware of the change of name; but the rector soon knew, and came to the Hall to break the news to Josephine. He at once volunteered to run down by express to Bideford and take the North Cornwall coach on, and learn all that was needed to be known, and telegraph what he heard to Hanford. Josephine wanted to accompany him, but he dissuaded her from so doing.

Mr. Cornellis brightened at the news. "Really, Josephine," he said, "luck is on your side."

She did not answer him, but went into the garden after the rector, caught his arm, and said: "Tell him — tell him, if he be alive, that I send him my humble love. He has only to hold up his finger, and I will come to him. Tell him all — he must now know all."

"Say nothing to your father about your resolution till my return."

Thus it came about that the good, kind old man arrived at the Magpie.

On his way from Bideford, he had occupied the box seat, and the coachman

had been able to tell him about the wreck. The crew were all lost — how many they were, he did not know; but the captain and a woman, his mother, and six or seven little children, were saved, and were all at the Magpie. "And, looky' here, sir," said the driver; "whatever you do, don't drink none of Jacob Corye's beer; it's bad. I reckon it be brewed with Epsom salts. I took a couple o' glasses once, and I couldn't drive the coach next day, I were that pulled down. None of the quality, sir, patronizes the Magpie, only them coast-guard — a low lot, sir; and Jacob's beer and Epsom salts agrees wi' them, happen." He drew his lash across the leader. "You don't happen to know Jacob, sir?"

"I have not had the honor."

"You'll please to mind what I have said about his beer, sir. Jacob is always going on upon his young stock because he can't fatten. He begrudges the money picked up by they who take them off him and put them in rich pastures for a few weeks and then sell them at a great profit. It is all very well for Jacob to grumble that way; but it is my belief that he drenches his bullocks with his beer. I'd be glad to know what becomes of his beer, if he don't give it to the cattle. No Christian — only coastguards — will drink it; and you can't fatten young stock on Epsom salts. I put it to you, sir, as a man of the world and a Church of England minister — can you?" Again he wiped the back of his leader, as tenderly as a fly-fisher wiping the glassy surface of a pool for a trout. "Looky' here, sir! Them coast-guard men took the cap'n of the wreck to the Magpie because they drinks there, what no one else in his senses would do, not if he has any respect for his vitals. It do seem a cruel pity that the party there should run the risk of being poisoned, just to oblige the coastguard and Jacob Corye. You're going to see the cap'n you say, sir. Well, I think — you'll excuse the freedom I take — that you'd be acting as a true minister of religion if you'd caution the cap'n against the Magpie beer. It's that lowering, sir, that you, sir, whom I take to be an archdeacon —"

"Oh dear, no! — nothing of the sort — a simple rector."

"Even if you was an archdeacon, sir, after a week of that Magpie beer you would be a teetotaling all over the county."

When Mr. Sellwood descended from the coach, he tipped the driver so generously, that the coachman drew close to him with a radiant smile and said, behind his hand: "You'll not touch a drop o' that beer, sir;

and say a word in season to the cap'n." As he strolled away towards the tap of the inn where the coach stopped for the night, he said to himself: "If he was to take half-a-dozen glass of that beer, it would so lower him altogether, that for the return journey he'd give me a sixpence instead o' half-a-crown. A man can't come to greater degradation than that, I reckon."

Forewarned in this way, the rector of Hanford, after having deposited his port-manteau at the inn where the coach stopped, walked off to the Magpie.

From The National Review.

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTED GLASS.

IT is a very remarkable, not to say an astonishing circumstance, that of all the decorative arts known to man, the essentially Christian art of glass-painting should have received the least attention from the public generally. English books devoted to the history or study of painting on glass are scarce and costly.\* French histories and monographs are much more numerous, but the most important of these are works in folio or quarto volumes, suited for art libraries, and are rarely to be met with elsewhere. We should have expected Germans to write fully and profoundly on this art, which they were among the first to attempt to revive in modern times, but we find, on the contrary, that, with one exception,† their contributions to the subject are meagre and of little value. Books relating to other arts are countless in number. Architecture, painting in oils and in water-color, sculpture and basso-relievos, mosaics, illuminations, tapestry, jewellery, pottery in all its forms, everything, in short, relating to art, has been expounded and described and illustrated over and over again, in volumes of all sizes, and in every easily attainable shape that can be desired. Among the many useful handbooks treating of art at the South Kensington Museum, one on glass-painting is not to be found. There is one on "Glass," brimful of information regarding the condition and progress of the art of glass-making at different periods and in different countries, and the various uses to which it

was applied, but the handbook contains not one word on glass-painting in windows.

The ignorance that prevails on the subject is great, and the apathy and indifference to it are great also. Yet has glass-painting a highly interesting and instructive history, and all lovers of beautiful things, it might be supposed, would be irresistibly drawn to the study of pictures, often on a very large scale, wherein in places of public resort, notably in cathedrals and churches, may be seen gorgeous effects of color such as no material but glass can provide, and which imitate and even rival precious stones, set in gold and silver and framed in noble architecture; scenes in sacred and legendary history are represented in these pictures of great interest and importance to the archaeologist and the artist, to the student of symbolism, of costume, of heraldry and, finally to the Christian. The brilliant colors used in mediæval times were so artistically arranged as to produce a most harmonious whole; even when the drawing was rude, and sometimes grotesque from its very earnestness, it was always expressive, and the devotional feeling displayed has never been approached in modern days. These pictures are most truly works of art. They are not like illuminated manuscripts treasured up in libraries and carefully preserved from sun and air; in fadeless splendor they have braved the battle and the breeze, the sunshine and the storm. Cracked, mutilated, weather-beaten they may be, but they have come down to us, and they will remain so long as they exist, sparkling, luminous, glowing. And yet, with all these claims to admiration, what do we find, practically, in the impression produced by such works? A passing glance is bestowed upon them; often scarcely so much as that. A weeping marble cherub with a torch turned upside down, a broken column, a bust of some insignificant person with a long catalogue of impossible virtues, these and such-like objects attract far more attention from the masses, and even, to an extraordinary extent, from the more cultivated classes also.\* If any one doubts this assertion he has only to take

\* See Charles Winston's *Hints on Glass Painting*, and *Letters and Lectures*, 3 vols. 8vo.; Weales's *Quarterly Papers and Divers Works of Early Masters*, 2 vols. folio; Warrington's *History of Stained Glass*, 1 vol. folio; and Westlake's *History of Design in Painted Glass*, 4 vols. quarto.

† *Geschichte der Glasmalerei*, Gessert, 1 vol. 8vo.

\* The dowager queen Adelaide once paid a visit to an English cathedral which contained some splendid old glass; of this fact she had been made aware beforehand; but, unfortunately, the transepts of the church were adorned with gaudy specimens of early nineteenth-century work; this she mistook for the sixteenth-century glass of which she had heard, and she accordingly proceeded to admire it greatly. Her guide had to inform her that there was some "much finer" at the east end of the church.

up a post for a few hours, every day for a week, in some cathedral, York, or Canterbury, or Lincoln, and watch the ways of the sight-seers; or, better still, act as a cicerone for a short time in these or any churches where valuable old glass is to be found, and listen to the remarks made, and note the objects that are generally admired. Even such beautiful cinquecento work as in the Lady Chapel at Lichfield Cathedral, where the subjects are well defined and the whole effect is magnificent, is passed by with a vacant glance. So true is it, as the Jesuit father at Bourges remarks, that "il faut comprendre pour arriver même à voir." This ignorance and neglect has more serious consequences than might be supposed. The fanatical zeal of the Puritans in Cromwell's time scarcely caused more destruction. There were few country churches after that period that did not still possess beautiful examples of this mediæval art; there are hundreds now where no traces of it remain. This destruction is not a thing of the past only, it is still going on. In the various histories of Kent and Canterbury, written during the eighteenth century, many records are found of subjects in painted glass which no longer exist. Of Ashford Church it was said, "Here are many goodly portraitures, as of Edward III., to the number of ten." These had entirely disappeared in 1794, when Mr. Parsons made a riding tour through Kent for the benefit of his health; he described the monuments and painted glass of upwards of a hundred churches. Scarcely anything now remains in the windows of those churches but fragments, and in most cases even these have vanished away. It is melancholy to read the descriptions given by the worthy old gentleman of the "admirable paintings" he found in numbers of these country churches; the figures "most beautiful indeed." In one window was "an exquisite representation of the Virgin and Child, there is a divine sweetness in the features of the infant which is enchanting;" and a female figure in particular in one of the compartments "is so truly elegant, the form so just, and the face so beautiful, that I cannot but think no painting of the pencil can exceed it. What a pity," he cries, "that a window so truly beautiful should be lost to the public eye from its situation in this lonely spot!\* and still more is it to be lamented that it should be so neglected as to be in

danger of decaying from dust and damp." The interest Mr. Parsons took in the matter was so little shared by his contemporaries that he apologizes for it. "Perhaps some persons will think that I have said too much on the subject of painted glass; I hope not. I confess that I am delighted with this beautiful ornament in whatever place I meet with it, but more especially in our churches." And he adds: "May it never be the fate of my work to be such a proof of horrid profanation by becoming a repository of monuments defaced or demolished by sacrilegious plunder!" Much of the glass described by Charles Winston in the middle of this century has perished or has been cast away disregarded and despised, and within the last few years has been replaced by plain white glass. It is recorded of Mrs. Sutton, wife of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, that she caused to be removed, and disposed of for any trifle they would fetch, very many of the coats of arms which were in the different windows of Lambeth Palace, they being in her view "too primitive, tasteless, and ugly." These ancient relics consisted of the arms of Cardinal Pole and other prelates impaled with those of the sec.\*

Modern memorial windows have caused the disappearance of many precious remains; the local plumber and glazier is ordered to "take that old stuff away" to prepare for the advent of a new window from London. He takes it away accordingly, and it is broken up for the sake of the lead, or it reposes, perhaps for years, on some dusty shelf in his back shop. If the London glazier removes the relics it is different; he knows their value, but they disappear none the less from the church, to be seen in some collector's gallery sooner or later.

Sometimes a glass-stainer's firm is directed to copy the old fragments so as to fill the window and make a better show. This is done, but the old is not returned, and the former owners make no complaint; they do not even know that a theft had been committed. "Restoration," even if not done by thieves, is one of the most fruitful sources of ruin. Restorers are very proud of their achievements in this line. In the last century the glass in the cathedral of Paris was all "re-made" by Pierre Levicil, who glorified the church and himself by placing a JEHOVAH in red letters on a gold ground, and framed in a circle of sky-blue, over the principal glass of the sanctuary. He records that

\* Stelling Church, where now not a pane of all this glass is left.

\* The History of Stained Glass, W. Warrington.



some ancient glass windows of the twelfth century existed in the choir of the cathedral, "dont j'ai demoli en 1714 les deux derniers, pour les remplir de vitres blanches." This was the work of a man who wrote a learned folio volume on his art, and whose aim and hope in writing it was to restore that art to public favor. "Si je ne puis y réussir," he says, "qu'il me soit au moins permis de repandre quelques fleurs ou de verser quelques larmes sur le tombeau qu'on lui destine, avant qu'on le ferme." A favorite device of restorers is to put together, "as fancy directs," all the small pieces scattered about in various parts of the church into one window, some upside down, and all with no reference whatever to the subjects, but so as "neatly to fill up the whole and render it an object pleasing in a great degree;" wherein indeed they succeed, for even in this shapeless and distorted state the old glass will be "pleasing" in a much greater degree than the new. But certainly remains so "mended and confused" do "not afford much speculation," as the Rev. Mr. Dart remarks regarding the very curiously painted windows, full of Scripture story, in Becket's chapel at Canterbury cathedral.

Painted glass, though highly valued in mediæval times, had no such protection from injury as is now supplied by wire guards, and hail-storms and violent winds destroyed much of it.\* At the Reformation in England zealous ecclesiastics, like Dean Horn at Durham, "pulled down and broke in pieces most excellent colored glass, most artificially set forth and curiously wrought, for he could never abide any ancient monuments, acts, or deeds, that gave any light of or to godly religion." "The whole story and miracles of that holy man St. Cuthbert" had been set in the windows of the cloisters, in the last quarter of the fourteenth century by the founders and builders of them.† The hail-storms which wrecked so much ancient art, were as nothing to the tempests of Puritan bigotry which battered and shattered it during the Civil Wars in the seventeenth century. Long poles, and pikes, and stones, and fury were so freely used, more particularly in our large towns, that it is a wonder anything still remains to testify to the former magnificence and popularity of the art. Simon Gunton thus

describes the proceedings of the Puritans in Peterborough Cathedral:—

Having done their work on the Floor below, they are now at leisure to look up at the Windows above, which would have entertained any persons else with great delight and satisfaction, but only such Zealots as these, whose eyes were so dazzled that they thought they saw Popery in every Picture and piece of painted Glass. Now the Windows of this Church were very fair, and had much curiosity of workmanship in them, being adorned and beautified with several Historical passages out of Scripture and Ecclesiastical story; such were those in the body of the Church, in the Isles, in the new Building and elsewhere. But the Cloister windows were most famed of all, for their great Art and pleasing variety . . . all which were notwithstanding most shamefully broken and destroyed. . . . Nothing of all this could oblige the Reforming Rabble, but they deface and break them all in pieces, and left nothing undemolished, where either any Picture or painted Glass did appear, excepting only part of the great West window in the body of the Church, which still remains entire, being too high for them and out of reach. . . . Thus in a short time, a fair and goodly Structure was quite Stript of all its ornamental Beauty, and made a ruthless Spectacle, a very Chaos of Desolation and Confusion, nothing scarce remaining but only bare walls, broken Seats, and shattered Windows on every side.

Similar scenes were enacted at Canterbury, on a smaller scale, fortunately:—

This place (where Thomas à Becket was murdered) has formerly been hung with Aras, and was of old the most valued part of the Church; in it Edward I. married Margaret his Queen. . . . What is less Remarkable, but more Noble, was the great North window, some time of richly painted Glass, given by one of our Kings; \* but in the Civil Wars it fell a Sacrifice to narrow Conception and furious Bigotry; for a certain Enthusiastick Preacher, call'd, for his singularity and Fury, Blue Jack, by the assistance of a Ladder and long Pole, shatter'd it to pieces, crying out all the while, with a demoniac Rage, like a canting Hypocrite, "Cursed be he that doth the Work of the Lord deceitfully;" and inciting others to assist him, which the standers-by did with Stones, in such a manner as to break his Head, and use him almost as bad as he had the Windows.

Richard Culmer, *alias* Blue Jack, was appointed one of the six preachers in the cathedral at the beginning of the Civil Wars. He described his own performance thus: "A minister was on the top of a city ladder, near sixty steps high, with a whole pike in his hand, rattling down

\* The storm in October, 1866, shattered much of the beautiful glass at Rheims.

† The Ancient Kites and Monuments of the Monastical and Cathedral Church of Durham, J. Davies of Kidwelly, M.D., 1672.

\* Edward IV.



proud Becket's glassic bones, when others present would not venture so high."\* It is said that Gondemar, a Spanish ambassador, had taken so much pleasure in this window, that he offered £10,000 for it, or its weight in gold, in vain.

Belgium fared no better than England during the political and religious wars which desolated the country. Antwerp formerly possessed splendid examples of this art. Bruges also was richly endowed, and now retains but a very small part of her magnificent glass. Much vandalism took place in the last century. In the Cathedral of St. Sauveur, at Bruges, the authorities removed the glass with which their church had been decorated, and in its room they placed an inscription, recording the deed, with the date 1739 in large colored letters, and a blue globe surmounted by a cross of fire. Such instances of the utter lack of appreciation of beautiful works of art, alike in past times and in our own, are only too common and too numerous.

France is still a treasure-house of painted glass, in spite of the ravages committed by ignorance and fanaticism. Protestant zealots in the south of France destroyed glass and churches alike. Many churches were secularized at the Revolution, and the priceless glass in them sold to English purchasers for any small sums that were offered. Monsieur Le Chevalier Alex. Lenoir, speaking of some fine windows illustrating the life of St. Bruno, says, "Je crois qu'ils sont passés dans le gouffre qu'on appelle Angleterre, où passent aujourd'hui tous nos objets d'art." We possess in the South Kensington Museum several of the windows formerly belonging to the Sainte Chapelle, Paris,† where they were originally placed by St. Louis to adorn the chapel he built to receive "les précieux restes des instruments qui avaient servis à la Passion du Roi des Rois." In York Cathedral is a window from St. Nicholas's Church, Rouen, where three churches were suppressed at the Revolution. Some of the glass from these churches is now in the museum at Rouen; the collection is chronologically arranged, and is most valuable and instructive.

The beautiful glass in Italy is very little valued there now. In the Church of Santo Spirito, in Florence, most of it is covered up with curtains at all times of the day. The peculiarity of Italian work is

that down to the end of the sixteenth century, the glass, *i.e.*, the material, used, was as brilliant as in the early mediæval times among the northern nations. The pieces of glass were also much smaller in the sixteenth century than was customary in other countries during that period. The Italians combined gorgeous color with great artistic skill in balancing and harmonizing it. In 1560, the date on the lovely cloister windows of the Certosa Val d'Eno, when the northern nations, Flanders in particular, had completely ruined glass-painting by a profuse use of enamel color, the essential and vital principles of the art were still maintained unimpaired in Italy.\* Early German work exhibits a great angularity of treatment, but the color is always forcible and good. The oldest examples are in the Cathedral of Augsburg,† said to be of the eleventh century. Swiss painted glass is of small importance, it is chiefly to be seen in private collections.‡

There are fine windows in Spain, but little early work. Glass of the thirteenth century is said to have existed in the Cathedral of Toledo; in 1459 many windows were painted in that church. In Valencia Cathedral glass was painted between the years 1500 and 1541. In Seville Cathedral are ninety windows painted by Arnao de Flandes and his brother, from designs by Michael Angelo, Raphael, Albert Dürer, and others, between the years 1504 and 1558. In the list of Spanish painters we find the names Holanda, Luis, Christobel, Aleman, Carlos de Bruges, and Pedro Frances, besides that of Arnao de Flandes. The window labelled "Spanish" in the South Kensington Museum, has strongly marked Flemish characteristics.

Painted glass appears to great disadvantage in museums. Large figures and subjects intended to be seen from a considerable distance are brought close to the eye, so that the effect they were calculated

\* The beautiful cinquecento work at Arezzo was by a French Dominican monk, Guillaume de Marseille.

† See Glasmalereien des Mittelalters und der Renaissance, H. Kolb, Plate i.

‡ A very curious and interesting window of Bale manufacture, lately in the possession of J. Bateman, Esq., has been given by him to the Church at Biddulph. It represents St. John with his partridges at his feet; in his hands are a paten and a chalice, which he appears to be offering to Luther's wife. Luther himself occupies a prominent position in the foreground. Our Lord stands in the centre of the picture, surrounded by saints and reformers, among whom are St. Catharine of Alexandria, Melancthon, and Zwingle, who is raising a cup to his lips. The glass is beautifully drawn and colored, and appears, from the style of the work, to have been executed about the time of Luther's death, viz., 1546.

\* Gostling's Walk in and about the City of Canterbury, 1777.

† Date about 1250.

to produce is entirely lost. In the South Kensington Museum are some large figures from Winchester Cathedral\* and Winchester College Chapel, which latter the authorities at the beginning of this century allowed to be taken away by Messrs. Betton and Evans, of Shrewsbury; they are interesting examples of the time of Richard II. The vicar of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, the Rev. W. S. Rowland, bought them for his church, but after some years replaced them by finer work, chiefly from St. Jacques Liege, and on his death they were sold by his executors to the Museum.†

In Le Vieiel's "Art de la Peinture sur Verre," he remarks of England in a prophetic way: "Qui sait si cet art plus long temps négligé dans cette Isle que partout ailleurs, n'y reparaitra pas avec plus d'éclat?" In the opinion of our own glass-painters this "reappearance" has taken place in England, if not with a noon-tide splendor, at least with the brilliant gleams of dawn.

It is well known that the true art of glass-painting practically perished about the latter half of the sixteenth century; it was supposed to be "lost," but it really died of inflation, like the frog in the fable, in the vain attempt to copy its great and popular rival, oil-painting. This collapse continued for nearly three hundred years, but "there are hopes for the moderns" now;‡ we are awakening from that palsied moribund condition. This revival of the true principles of the art in England is mainly due to Mr. C. Winston's untiring efforts, ability, and knowledge of his subject. When he lived and wrote there was hardly any English school worthy of the name; he was fully aware of the radical defects of the Munich school, and would be the last to prefer it to the work now produced by our best men in England; and yet, in 1857, he advised Mr. Wilson and the authorities at Glasgow to fill the nave of their fourteenth-century cathedral with Munich glass. The painful result we now see there. "I think, on the whole," he said, "that it is better to have art without transparency, than transparency without art. . . . Stick to Munich, therefore, and be content that Glasgow

shall be regarded as the cradle of that (superior to German) school which it is Mr. Petit's, as well as your and my wish, to see flourishing in this country."

Mr. Winston warmly advocated the ancient "mosaic system," and pointed out how far superior it was to the later enamel methods; \* he also tried to persuade glass-manufacturers, both at Munich and in England, to pay more attention to the make of the glass itself. At a great expenditure of time and labor he caused the old twelfth and thirteenth century glass to be chemically analyzed, and experiments to be made under his own eye at Messrs. Powell's works in Whitefriars, to produce, if possible, the same material and the same colors as those used by the old masters at that period. He succeeded at last, and he convinced some men, in England at least, of the necessity of using similar means if they would attain similar effects as those of mediæval times. The result of his labors may be seen in the glass of the Temple Church, the execution of which he superintended. Visitors are informed that the medallions are "old."

We had within the last few months, in St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, an example in full force of the enamel method of painting, viz., the attempt to treat glass as if it were canvas, in a copy, at the east end, of Rubens's "Descent from the Cross."†

In the west window of New College, Oxford, we have a truly notable instance of the feebleness of the method, from Sir Joshua Reynolds's design. The old glass was removed to put the "washy virtues" in its place. There are many other examples of this false style. The Church of St. Maria Hilf, near Munich, is full of very large enamel-painted windows, executed at the royal establishment at Munich, by command of King Louis I., and under the direction of Professor Hess. These have been thought worthy of a careful representation upon paper, in color, by Franz Eggart. The one looks quite as much like glass as the other. In the

\* Removed in 1852 from the choir.

† St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, is itself a museum of ancient glass-painting, from 1353, the date of the splendid English "Jesse" in the east window, to the sixteenth century.

‡ Remark reported to have been made by Professor Ruskin, on seeing a window in Lichfield Cathedral representing St. Michael and St. Chad, by Messrs. Burlison and Grylls.

\* The "mosaic" system consists in piecing glass, colored throughout its substance (called "pot-metal") together, by means of lead; all outlines of figures and ornaments are made by leading. The "enamel" method is white glass colored by enamel paints only. "Stained" glass is white glass penetrated to some little depth by color, particularly by yellow, or silver stain; this stain was discovered about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and no other was known until recent times. "Painted" glass is white or colored glass painted by enamel color, which is fluxed and fixed by burning. In old times brown enamel only was used for painting.

† This has been recently replaced by an example of Messrs. Powell's work.

Cathedral of Ratisbon are some very gaudy and painful specimens of the same school, alongside of some old glass, and the contrast is remarkable. An unusually enlightened sacristan shaded his eyes when he looked at the Munich work and said, "Es thut die Augen weh;" and he was quite right. Of all the Bavarian glass imported into England at that time, viz., about twenty years ago, that in St. Paul's Cathedral, given by some of the city guilds, is the least objectionable. One of the latest acts of Mr. Winston's life was to make a journey to Brussels to meet Herr Ainmüller, the director of the Munich establishment, in order to confer with him on the proposed windows of St. Paul's, with the advantage of being able to refer to those of the Cathedral of St. Gudule, of the cinquecento period. The enamel on these windows at St. Paul's is peeling off, however; the faces are already worn and faded, and will soon be featureless. As the glass is chiefly seen from a considerable distance, this is not very noticeable; and although an ugly orange red is used in the dresses of the figures, in the subject of the crucifixion the whole effect is fairly good, and the white angels above are beautiful. The recent examples of Munich glass in this country are distinguished by a feeling for art and a very much more sparing use of enamels than formerly; the colored glass is English-made, and is deep and powerful; but, as a rule, there is a lamentable want of harmony in the treatment, and a violent contrast of high lights and shadows seems to be aimed at, such as is nowhere to be found in the old work of any period. The English glass in the south transept of Westminster Abbey ought to be removed as soon as possible; it is the product of a time when the art was at a very low ebb, and it is a terrible eyesore. Many of the modern windows in the Abbey are excellent in themselves, but, especially when coated with London smuts, they shut out too much light. The dread of raw and crude effects of color causes too much smear and shading with opaque color to be used, so that the natural translucent character of the material is greatly obscured. That it is quite possible to have a high degree of art combined with vivid and intense gem-like color may be seen in the church of St. Maria Novella, in Florence; it is a proof that brilliancy and beauty of the material are no bar to artistic excellence. Is it too much to hope that our magnificent Abbey may yet be adorned by such work as this?

Mr. Winston was very anxious that the new or "original school" in England, to which he looked forward, should avoid copying mediæval work, where, he maintained, "perfection" was not to be found. Hitherto, those of our artists who have trodden in paths of their own invention have succeeded, indeed, in producing beautiful and original glass pictures, but the more distinctively nineteenth century these are in their character, so much the less do they harmonize with mediæval structures. Glass-painting and architecture obtained their triumphs in the Middle Ages together. The handmaid of architecture followed her mistress faithfully, and became stricken with paralysis at the same time, or shortly after, the death of her patron and companion. Vain have been the attempts to galvanize architecture into life again. This is an age of copying. All that the nineteenth century has done for these arts is to make portraits of them after death. The only truly original idea that seems to have occurred to architects in these "new dark ages" is to take all the best features of the ancient styles, and make an olla podrida of them in one building; thus completely imitating the picturesque effect of mediæval work, which generally consisted of several styles grown together as it were, or grafted one on the other in succeeding periods. This curious and very modern notion is unintentionally exemplified by the glass in Westminster Abbey, where we have early glass sadly mutilated and jumbled up, together with many excellent imitations of old work by Messrs. Clayton and Bell; a window in the nave of purely nineteenth-century feeling by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne; the aforesaid south transept windows by Messrs. Ward and Nixon; the great west window with its huge date in white figures, 1735; and the north transept rose window, date 1722, with many others. According to the shilling Guide to Westminster Abbey, the church has been "enriched," during the last twenty years, with twenty-two windows. If the choir were habitually to sing as many discordant notes as are chronically sustained by the chorus of windows in different keys, and were to be as totally out of harmony with its surroundings as some of these, the congregation would promptly rebel, and all London would be in an uproar; for an ear for music, and a love of harmonious sounds is much more general, and is more cultivated both in England and on the Continent than is an eye for color, and the one is consequently more easily pained and

offended by an inharmonious rendering of the subject than the other.

Until architecture arises from its grave, and leads the way, glass-painting must continue to adapt itself, as best it may, to our old Gothic buildings, to the modern copies and imitations of them, and of Italian Renaissance or of classical architecture, in which, at present, glass can alone be enshrined. There is a great demand for painted glass in these days, and no lack of supply. Thousands of windows have been put up all over the country during the last twenty years. First, and chiefly, they serve the purpose of a grave-stone or monument, and as such they are becoming more and more popular. There is, indeed, a difficulty in erecting any other kind of memorial, particularly in old churches and in towns, for there are generally too many marble creations already, which are apt to be in the way of the congregation, and to take up too much room.\* We are not quite prepared, like our ancestors in the seventeenth century, to saw through beautiful arcading—as in Westminster Abbey—to raise an ugly marble urn or vase, fifteen feet high, through its ruins, and thus aspire to immortality.† A painted window is an obvious resource; it is in nobody's way, and it is a kind of present to the church besides; although it is often, unfortunately, a more than doubtful advantage, both to the church and to the congregation.

In the early periods of glass-painting the art served two purposes, decoration first and edification afterwards, and not until later times did it become a memorial. The chief subjects were always the history of our Lord, of the Virgin, and of the apostles, or portraits of the saintly founders of the cathedral or abbey, or martyrdom of the confessors of the Church; these were portrayed in the most striking and effective way before the eyes of the worshippers. These were the "books of the laity," and were calculated to inspire holy thoughts, and to

distract the mind from the troubles and worries of daily life, bringing the people face to face with the sufferings endured by the Saviour for them and their redemption, and reminding them that his servants were bold also, and in defence of the faith endured stripes above measure and deaths oft. In the catechism used in the diocese of Liege and Namur occurs the question, "A quoi pensez-vous en lisant votre chapelet?" and the answer, "A quelque chose que notre Seigneur ou Notre Dame ont faite étant au monde, ou bien à quelque image que je vois devant moi . . . aux verrières en mon livre ou en mes mains." It may easily be imagined that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when books were unheard of for the people generally, these picture-books in the windows were of great value. The darker the church the more these pictures sparkled and glowed, and the more they helped the devotions of the faithful, for whom the outer world, with its cares and quarrels, and distresses, and wear and tear, was thus shut out, and the soul could gain strength and elevation from contact with the other and better world.

The magnificent decorations possessed by all cathedrals, and nearly all parish churches in a minor degree, down to the time of the Reformation, were, no doubt, chiefly due to the zeal of the clergy, but kings, and emperors, and nobles, and corporations, and guilds, vied one with another also, in contributing large sums for the adornment of the national buildings.

No glorification of the deeds of the donors appear in the glass of early times. About the middle of the thirteenth century we see the first appearance of portraits of donors of windows, both laymen and clerics. Gradually these came to usurp more and more space. Kings and princes, and the great ones of the earth, were represented gorgeously robed and bearing their coats of arms, but still humbly kneeling with clasped hands before the divine infant and his mother, and generally supported, and as it were introduced, by their patron saints. As the true art and functions of painted glass declined, in the middle and latter half of the sixteenth century, so did the taste for self-glorification among its patrons increase, until at last no room was found for Scripture subjects at all.

In the windows at Govda, in Holland, given by Philip II. of Spain and Mary of England, those grantees appear, kneeling, it is true, at the table of the Lord, but with little evidence of humility. The inscrip-

\* The inconvenience arising from large monuments in churches was thus expressed in 1511, at a visitation held by the Commissary of Archbishop Warham at Sittingbourne. The churchwardens of Minster in Sheppey "presented" that "it is desired that where of long tyme ago, in the said chapel, a knight and his wife (were) buried, and their pictures upon theym were sore worn and broken, that they may take away the pictures, and lay in the place a playn stone, with an epitaphy who is there buried, that the people may make setts and pewys, where they may more quietly serve God, and that it may less cumber the rowme."—Register of Archbishop Warham, Lambeth Palace, *Archæologia Cantiana*.

† See the monument to Abraham Cowley in Poet's Corner.



tion accompanying the figures is in a strain worthy of the Celestial Empire of China: "The most illustrious Philip, son of the invincible Emperor Charles the Fifth, by the Grace of God King of Spain, England, France, and both the Sicilies, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Hainault, Holland, Zealand, etc. Father of the country, the most gentle and religious prince hath given this glass to embellish this Church. May his throne, like a sun filling the whole world, stand forever." Many other eminent persons gave windows to St. Jan's Kirk at Govda; including Margaret of Austria, duchess of Parma and governor of the Low Countries; William of Orange; the chief cities of Holland, the colleges, lords, and ladies, etc.

It is a fortunate circumstance that kings and princes troubled themselves little about painted glass during the last three centuries in England, otherwise even more destruction might have been wrought to the old work, and graceless pictures of the Georges have taken its place latterly. Royal personages, whenever represented now, stand, crowned and sceptred, and facing the spectator. It is no longer the fashion for such great persons to give glass themselves for the adornment of our national buildings. Possibly the art is not yet sufficiently developed or worthy of the nation. Certainly royal patronage has not done much for the Bavarians, and until the general public take sufficient interest in the art manufacture to study it, and cultivate a sound taste regarding it, nothing great can be expected from it.

In the great west window of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, is a purely secular record of the achievements of Sir Walter Raleigh; he is represented on a large scale, together with Prince Henry, Edmund Spenser, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, with Queen Elizabeth in the centre. The window was presented by Americans, with the lines —

The New World's sons, from England's  
breasts we drew  
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;  
Proud of our past from whence our present  
grew,

This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name.

It is highly suitable for some great national building, but it is out of place in a church. Many other similar examples may be recollected. In St. Andrews, Undershaft, London, is a large window originally placed at the east end, but now fortunately banished to the west.

It contains full-length pictures of James I., Charles I., Charles II., Queen Elizabeth, and Edward VI.; they have no historical interest or merit of any kind.\* The window has been replaced at the east end by a beautiful example of Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne's work. In the north aisle of Westminster Abbey is a memorial window to R. Stephenson; it is wholly occupied by scenes from the life and labors of that great engineer, the bridges he built, and the trains that steamed over them, etc. The window dedicated to the memory of Charles W. Siemens is similarly filled; angels, always picturesque adjuncts, are here represented holding a scroll with the inscription, "*Laborare est orare.*" Had the designer of these and such-like windows gone back for precedents to the best periods of the art, they would have found means to combine subjects intended to do honor to men with others more calculated to do honor to God's house; as at Le Mans Cathedral, or at Chartres, where we see windows presented by various trades. The lowest division only of each window is occupied with pictures of men engaged in their employment, as money-changers with their weights and balances, or architects directing their workmen, who are represented very small, like children; they are probably at work on the cathedral. Other windows were given by the bakers of the city, with details of their work in a similar position. Furriers and drapers, fish-mongers, shoemakers, and butchers and wine-dressers, all appear as donors of the respective windows. One curious light is given by a company of gamblers, and apparently paid for by dint of rattling dice. These subjects are all small, and the chief part of the window is dedicated to the illustration of Scripture story or tradition. The duties devolved upon angels vary greatly at different periods. In the early times they are represented with censers, or with harps, violins, or trumpets, flutes or little organs, or they hold scrolls with short sentences from the Creed, the Te Deum, and the Gloria in Excelsis, or they carry the instruments

\* We find a series of kings and bishops in the clerestory windows of the nave of Rheims Cathedral. "This is supposed to represent the list of Archbishops and of the Kings consecrated by them. It may have been the intention thus to continue the line of anointed Kings from the anointed Kings of Israel in the western rose into the Christian Church." (A History of Design in Painted Glass, N. H. T. Westlake, F.S.A.) The Paris correspondent of the *Times* announced that the violent hail-storm of August 10th, 1866, had destroyed the great rose window of Rheims Cathedral, and nearly all the painted glass in the other churches of the town.



of the Passion. In the sixteenth century their chief office seems to be gracefully to display shields with the coats-of-arms of donors of the window or benefactors of the church, as in the Flemish glass at Lichfield Cathedral (1528 to 1539), or they hold the strings of a cardinal's hat, as in the cathedral of Auch in France (1513). We seldom now degrade the office of angels to such a pitch as this.

Ancient art is a guide both as a model and as a warning. We committed the great mistake, at the beginning of this century, of imitating the errors succeeding the cinquecento period; from this fault we fell into the opposite one of copying stiffness and bad drawing, with an idea that an ill-drawn figure must needs have a devotional character; the result was an ugly body without a soul. In these railway days a glass-painter has a great advantage over his predecessors in modern times: he can visit with ease and comfort, and in a few months instead of years, all the chief works that remain to us of old times in different countries; he can study and compare them, classify them into schools, and learn to love what is beautiful in all periods, and admire what is excellent in all countries. Our best artists now are those who have not only been taught to draw with facility, but who have made the most diligent study of old work, and who have made careful and faithful drawings and tracings and photographs of it, not to copy it in their own work, but to make the spirit of it their own, and to train themselves up heart and eye in the best school of the world—antiquity.

An artist in painted glass needs many qualifications. What is required above all things for a painting in a church is devotional feeling, such as we meet with but rarely, alas! except in early Christian art, together with simplicity and dignity in the treatment and composition. No man who is not a Christian in more than name can be expected worthily to represent the founder of the Christian religion. It would be better not to require that such a subject as this should be lightly dealt with as a mere matter of commerce, and paid for at so much a foot. The crucifixion has been so treated by great masters, that a traditionary handling of it is usually adopted; but we occasionally see lurid sunsets, views of Jerusalem, black clouds, and other realistic effects, attempted. The crucifixion is a subject constantly demanded from glass-painters. It has rarely been undertaken by modern

artists in oil-colors. A glass-painter should be a colorist, one who loves brilliant color and is able to arrange it harmoniously; no accuracy of drawing or skill in anatomy can atone for a lack of this power. It is a natural gift which may and must be cultivated, but the absence of it is absolutely fatal to a glass-painter. He should have a knowledge of history, of theology, and of decorative art, of archæology, of heraldry, and, for an intelligent study of old work, he should also understand legendary history and symbolical art. Greek art died slowly; and even the debased traditions and practice of it which the Gothic nations received from Constantinople affected the condition of art down to the twelfth century. The oldest painted glass of which there is any authentic record is at Le Mans Cathedral (date about 1099). The figures and faces, though verging on the grotesque, are more delicately drawn than in most fifteenth-century work. Greek influence is strongly marked in it. It is curious that the French, who excelled in glass-painting during the Middle Ages, and who spread the love and practice of it into other countries, have, in spite of their knowledge of its principles, of their researches into its history, and careful study of the magnificent works of their ancestors, been unable to rise above a mediocre imitation of them. They make no attempt to copy the material \* formerly used, and, in common with the modern Germans and Italians, all power of harmoniously combining color seems to have passed away from them.

A revival of the art took place in Berlin, Cologne, Flanders, Switzerland, and Italy about the same time as in France and England. In Antwerp Cathedral are some good modern windows in the north aisle, and some very bad specimens in the south aisle. A window of Belgian origin is in the Carmelite Church, Kensington; it is very elaborately finished and painted in enamel color, and is so opaque that the material might be mistaken for porcelain. Mons. Capronnier labored, but unsuccessfully, to advance the cause of art, and to improve the taste of his countrymen by his works.

American glass-painters pay much attention to the quality of the glass used. Besides the so-called "cathedral" and "antique" glass, glass is produced there "which is streaked and mottled with several colors, rendered opalescent by an

\* Modern French glass is thin and even. Some of the thirteenth-century glass at Chartres is nearly half an inch thick, and very uneven.

admixture of bone-dust and arsenic, and, perhaps, deeply corrugated or very uneven in thickness." The Americans claim "not only to approach, but to outdo the splendor of the old cathedral windows." They trust to time to harmonize those splendors.

In America much glass-painting is done, in private houses as well as in churches. Of Canadian work we had some examples in the Colonies Exhibition, which did not give a high idea of the condition of the manufacture in Canada. We must, however, bear in mind that our best glass-painters do not condescend to compete for prizes or renown in exhibitions. One and all, good and bad, enjoy an unhealthy and much-to-be-regretted immunity from criticism. This is doubtless owing to the fact that they are tradesmen as well as artists, and the name of a firm delivers them alike from hostile attacks, and from well-merited praise, such as individuals, whether painters, poets, architects, or public men, expect and receive as a regular matter of course.

Why should not glass-painters always sign their names to their work, and date it? The objection to signing names arises from the fact that several persons are often concerned in the work, but as in the case of an engraving, the name of the painter appears in one corner, and of the engraver in the other, so, when the designer and the painter of the glass are different persons, their names might similarly appear in the opposite corners of the window, to the great benefit and enlightenment of the public. The leading well-known firms have a characteristic style and manner which usually stamps their work at the first glance for those persons who take an interest in the subject, but not for the world in general; and there are numbers of smaller men struggling into notice, who should record their names, in however obscure a corner, and there can be no objection to a date, under any circumstances. Clement of Chartres signed one of his beautiful windows at Rouen with his immortal name. Bernard van Luige signed and dated his windows in Lincoln's Inn College Chapel. In our own day, Washington, Saunders, Clayton and Bell, Austeri, Gerenti, Didron, Oudinot, and other modern French glass-painters, have signed their work, but some of these occasionally only. Eminent artists, Titian, Raphael, Vivarini, Carpaccio, Albert Dürer, the two Bellinis, and many others, in former times, as well as in the present, have signed and dated their pro-

ductions, though, unfortunately, not always. It is, practically, extremely difficult to discover what firm or artist is responsible for many modern glass-paintings. Sextons in country churches are almost always quite ignorant on the subject, although they know very well, and are eager to inform you, that such a window was put up as "a memorandum" to the squire's sister or son, etc., etc. Vergers in cathedrals are sometimes little better. "Well, if you are so particular, I may as well say I don't know," was the answer in one of our chief cathedrals. Nor can the clergy be invariably relied upon for the desired information.

The price of glass, at a time when it was sparingly used even in churches and palaces,\* and when the nobility and gentry kept the wind and the wet out of their rooms with wooden shutters, seems to have been strangely small, even allowing amply for the difference of the value of money at the present day. In the chapter accounts of York Cathedral in the fourteenth century, it is recorded that 1s. 7d. per square foot for colored, and 6d. for white glass was paid. In the sixteenth century the splendid glass at King's College Chapel, Cambridge, cost only 1s. 4d. per square foot. In the reign of Henry VIII. about eight times the sum mentioned will be an approximation to the present value of money. Wouter Crabeth received 10½ stivers or 52½ cents. from the Duchess of Parma for the window given by her at Govda, as is proved by the receipts for the money still existing in the archives of St. Jan's Kirk.† Bernard van Luige is said to have had £1,500 for the windows he painted at Wadham College, Oxford, in 1622. The New College window cost £1,928 present value. In our own day the best work is by no means always the most costly. The price varies, for figure subjects, according to the amount of detail required, and ranges from 30s. to £3, or with some firms to £5, per square foot.‡ Bernard of Palissy abandoned the art of glass-painting and took to pottery and glazing porcelain. "Il vaut mieux," said he, "qu'un homme ou un petit nombre d'hommes fassent leur profit de quelque art en vivant honnêtement, que non pas un

\* So late as the thirteenth century the windows of Peterborough Cathedral were closed with reeds and straw, and the unglazed clerestory was long protected only by shutters in most places. (A Popular Dict. of Ecclesiastical Art, Mackenzie Walcott, B.D.) See Turner's Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages.

† Equal to about 18s. present money.

‡ Weale's Divers Works of Early Masters.

§ In America to £10 per foot.

grand nombre d'hommes, les quels s'endommageront si fort les uns les autres qu'ils n'auront pas moyens de vivre, sinon en profanant les arts, et laissant les choses à demi-faites, comme l'on voit communément de tous les arts auxquels le nombre des ouvriers est trop grand." The number of glass-painters is now very considerable, and many of them might be weeded out of the profession with advantage to themselves and to the public; but so long as a vulgar and tasteless public exists, so long will tasteless and vulgar workmen supply the demand for their wares, *en profanant les arts*.

E. G. HOWARD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
EBERHARDT.

#### CHAPTER I.

She says  
"I will" unto she knows not what.

THE sun had set, the short winter twilight was rapidly closing in; outside the prospect was so dreary, that it was a relief to turn from the unshuttered window and look within to where a stout German girl was lighting lamps and putting fresh wood on the stove, even though the room in which she performed her task was of an uncomfortable, sparsely furnished order.

The occupant of the room did not, however, seem to feel the need of brightness or companionship; for as the sudden glow streamed through the half-darkness, she moved from the window where she had been standing, and, passing out, entered an adjoining room, carefully closing the door after her. Here a candle burnt on the table, and, almost as if unconsciously, she looked by its faint light at her own reflection in the small mirror—looked, as if scarcely heeding or recognizing the face that looked back at her.

The eyes that met her own were of a grey so dark that, set as they were in a face from which every shape of color was banished, it was difficult to distinguish their hue. Under the straight pencilled eyebrows, shadowed by black lashes, they too might have passed for black. The face itself was too thin, too colorless; it needed the soft lines and curves of youth—such youth as the tall, slight figure spoke of—but it was the whiteness and thinness of trouble; of this there was evidence, also, in the lack of care with which

the heavy masses of hair were twisted into a dark untidy knot at the back of the head.

A knock the next moment startled her straying thoughts, and the servant's voice announced in German "that a carriage had come for madame—and this," handing as she spoke a small note.

At the words the girl had begun nervously, with a slender, trembling hand, to smooth back her hair—a hand on which the only ornament was a narrow gold ring; it was, indeed, the only gleam of color about her anywhere. Her dress, long and plain, was black, unrelieved even by a touch of white, and served to accentuate the delicacy of her face, the slenderness of her hands.

When she had taken the note she paused a moment in her preparations, and, opening it, read the few words it contained by the light of the solitary candle.

There was no conventional beginning,—just a few words in a man's hand, written with careless decision across the page:—

"It is better you should come to me. I do not go, but send for you. It is what I fancy you would prefer. Come."

It was a commanding little note, and yet through it ran a subtle hidden note of tenderness which the girl seemed to feel and acknowledge; for her eyes softened a little, something of the despair vanished. She smoothed the letter once or twice with her hand, then replacing it in its envelope, slipped it into her pocket. As she did so, a tear fell and sparkled a moment on her black gown. She looked at it almost as if in surprise; but at the sight she lingered no longer. With another ineffectual effort at smoothing her roughened hair, she drew over it a hood, and wrapping a heavy fur-lined cloak about her, stepped out into the small, brightly lit passage.

Here she did not hesitate, but went with quick steps down to the little entrance hall, where the stout German girl stood awaiting her by the door. She opened it as the slender, black-robed figure appeared, and a cold wintry wind blew in.

"Madame is going home?" the girl hazarded, as, with a nod and a "Good-evening," she would have passed in silence.

"To the castle?—yes," the other replied nervously. "Good-night, Emilie." And so went out into the dark gloomy night, to where a carriage awaited her. A moment later she was driving away, her eyes turned to the gleam of light

which still streamed forth from where Emilie stood and watched her departure from the door of Madame Hartmann's *pension*.

And in these last few days Madame Hartmann's *pension* had changed in character. From a very ordinary boarding-house, where the chief advantage had been that it was cheap, it had assumed tragic proportions. Inside those commonplace walls, in those dreary, uncarpeted, meagrely furnished rooms, was buried Leigh Curwen's youth.

Thence, but yesterday, she had followed to his grave the father who was her chief link with life, — the father whose companion she had been ever since she could remember; and there, not a week ago, she had knelt by his side, and become a wife. Such a dream it appeared, that as yet she had not realized it was not Leigh Curwen thinking thus, but Leigh Eberhardt.

The name itself was familiar enough. Ever since the Curwens had taken up their abode in this out-of-the-way German village, whose one hold on their wandering steps was the little money needed for daily food and lodging, the name had been one which she had learned to know.

He who owned it lived a secluded life in the more modern part of the ruined castle overhead; and about him was woven a web of doubts and fears which left him an undesirable person to meet except in broad daylight.

Not that he was often met. Sometimes he was seen, on his big black horse, riding homewards as the countrymen went forth to their day's labor; but for the most part he lived a solitary life in the deserted castle, or amid its surrounding grounds.

A light was visible long after the villagers had retired to rest, burning in his turret window, and that alone would have sufficed to render his repute questionable; but as the years passed, and he remained on alone, leading the same solitary life, the answer to the enigma was to be had from all around, varying according to the speaker, but having a common root in evil accomplished. Little Leigh, coming with her father, heard all the tales before she was old enough to associate them with the man who found her one day straying tearfully in the wood, where she had lost her way, and, picking her up, took her back on his horse to where the path led straight to the village street.

It was years before she discovered that the friend of her childhood and Eberhardt, whose name she heard spoken with bated breath, were the same.

It was six years afterwards, when she had grown into a tall slip of a girl of sixteen — yes, she was sure of the date, because it was her birthday, and the day also on which her brother had to join his regiment in England. She remembered even now his eager, enthusiastic talk on that day, which had been all about what he was going to do and see, and seemed to give so little thought to the sister he was leaving behind. And after he had gone, she had realized so distinctly that year by year it would be so; that the old days, when they had been all in all to each other, were over; that wider separation was all she had to look forward to. Heavy with the thought, which was yet only a vague shadow cast from the future, she had strayed farther than was her wont, wandering on with heedless steps amidst the gloom of the forest, till, wearied, she seated herself under a great tree, to follow out the thoughts that were troubling her.

All the great problems which make life such a hopeless question were crowding round her in the forest stillness; the answer to everything sounded alike.

Separation — death. Up till this moment she had never realized it. Life had meant hitherto the close companionship of those who loved, in contradistinction to the silence and separation of death.

But now it was no longer so. The tragedy of life that we cannot retain our hold on those we love, was unfolding itself before her, — that sooner or later death or life withdraws them from us.

So thinking, the slow tears had gathered in her eyes, brought by the sense of the futility of a struggle with a world governed by such laws. If she had had a sister, she fancied, with her it would have been different; that, traversing the same road, they might have been companions on the way. It was but a passing dream, a vain one, had she but known that the universal law admits of no exceptions; but for the moment it seemed unbearable that one by one her home treasures should be taken from her.

Distinctly, child as she had been at the time, she could recall that other departure into the world of him who had been, in all but name, the elder brother of the little trio — the son of her mother's sister, the orphan who had shared with these little cousins home, and father and mother's love, till it had been hard to realize they were not in truth brothers and sisters.

A young man when little Leigh Curwen was a child, she could recall even now the pride she had felt in him, when he stood

before her in the uniform he had chosen—a German uniform of the regiment to which his dead father had belonged. Then after that, a sad enveloping darkness; and when it had cleared away, it meant somehow a terrible tragedy—Rudolf had been killed in a duel. It did not convey much meaning to forlorn little Leigh, who was creeping about the desolate house in a black frock because she was motherless; that fatal quarrel out yonder had not terminated with a bullet through poor young Rudolf's heart, but had also carried ailing, weakly Mrs. Curwen to her grave.

Under such a shadow the child had grown to girlhood, recalling the one great grief dimly, but never speaking of it, saving at rare intervals to her brother, because her father shrank from all mention of the tragedy that had spoilt his life. But with Leonard it was different.

"When I am older, Leigh," he would promise, "I will find out all about it. Others will know and tell me. It was not Rudolf's fault, I am sure."

And Leigh would sigh in eager response, "No, I am sure it was not. You are like him in some things, Leo, but not quite the same."

"There was no one like him," Leonard positively asserted. "I am old enough to remember. Why, I was twelve when he went away! Of course I have not forgotten him—so handsome, so strong. Do you remember, Leigh?" And seated in the twilight, the children would recall memories of those vanished days—memories which would bring sometimes a tear, sometimes a laugh, a hushed laugh, because of the solemn seal set upon the past.

"When I am a man, Leigh, trust me I will find it all out—find his murderer and avenge his death."

And the boy's dark eyes would flash, and some responsive gleam shine in the girl's; for the passing years had woven a light web of glory about the young dead, and he stood to these children who mourned his loss as the youngest of the heroes. Life was divided for them into the dim past when he had gone from among them, and the no less dim future when his death should be avenged.

"How will you find him, Leo?" Leigh had asked. "When you are grown up it will all have happened such a long time ago."

"Oh, I shall find him," the boy confidently replied. "There will be some one to tell me."

"And when you have found him," questioned the girl, "what will you do?"

"Do? I shall go to him when he has forgotten all about it."

"Forgotten," sighed Leigh; "oh, he cannot forget!"

"Cannot he?" Leonard retorted contemptuously. "I dare say he has never thought of it. Somewhere, I dare say, he is quite happy and enjoying himself, whilst Rudolf is dead. That is what I shall say to myself."

"Yes," put in the other, "say that, Leo; that will make you brave."

"Yes; and then I shall go up to him and say, 'When you killed Rudolf no one came to you, because he had only a little cousin, and he had to wait till he was grown up; but now he has come to avenge his murder.'"

Sometimes, planning in the forest stillness, they would carry on the story to the climax,—there was no doubt on which side the victory would rest now. Sir Walter Scott was the referee in all matters of chivalry, and there the just quarrel terminated as a just quarrel should. The champion of right did not find his strength or cunning fail him when he stood opposite the evil-doer. Sometimes Leigh would cry, "Spare him!" when the conquered lay at the mercy of the conqueror; but, flushed with triumph, the boy would defend the justice that demanded a life for a life.

And thus it was that Leigh Curwen sat under the trees and thought of the demands that the world had made upon her,—of all that life and death had called upon her to contribute. The tears rose, and with her eyes closed, her head resting against the tree, she scarce heeded that they fell one by one.

"You are in trouble"—a strange voice, breaking the silence, disturbed her thoughts, and looking up she was aware of a stranger standing before her, looking down upon her. A black-haired, black-browed man, with a stern, unsmiling mouth, stern, unsmiling eyes, which yet looked at her as if they would, had their possessor known how, have banished trouble for her.

"Can I help you?" he went on, a second later, as she strove to brush the tears away.

"No, no; no one can help me."

"You look too young to say that."

And as she only shook her head sadly, half rising the while, "Have you lost some one?" he questioned. "Perhaps some one you care for is dead?"

"No, it is not that," she replied eagerly, stopping to look up at him from where she



had half risen and was kneeling on the soft moss at his feet, "it is not that. I was thinking that life is just as cruel — more so, perhaps. It steals away those you love — you lose them. Death is different; it steals them too, but it keeps them for you. I do not understand it. I never thought of it before, but it seems as if every one goes away from you."

She finished vaguely, looking into the strange eyes above her, not expecting a response, only striving to put into words the new terrible truths that were assailing her.

"You are only partly right," the man answered. "What death takes, it never gives back; in time you may win back from life."

"But life changes them," she urged; "when you get them back, they are not the same, — they are no longer those you parted from."

"But life is the better of the two," the man said. He scarcely answered her; he was as much speaking aloud his thought as she was hers.

"Life holds so much, — it is so strong and powerful; one day it may hold what we desire, while death —" His voice drifted into silence.

"But you," he went on a minute later, looking down at the white, tear-stained face, "you are over young to be finding this out. Leave such questions to older heads, and go back to your mother."

"Alas, sir," — the tears rose again at the words, "I have no mother!"

"Poor child! no one to solve the problem for her — or help her to forget it, so much the better plan! Only a mother can do that." He spoke of her, and yet though he looked at her, it was with eyes that took more note of his own words than of the kneeling girlish figure.

"No one can help you," he added, as she rose and stood beside him. "I least of all, — I cannot even help myself."

He half turned away, but made a step back and said abruptly, "Who has gone out of your life? — tell me that."

"It is my brother," she faltered. "We have been separated so little, and since my mother died — and another brother, we have been always together, and now —"

"Where has he gone?"

"He is a soldier." Even through her tears there was a ring of innocent pride in the words. "He has gone to England."

"And so you feel you have lost him? Perhaps you are not so far wrong. A woman's hold on a man is so slight."

And then noting the wistful eyes that never left his face, he changed the end of his sentence. "But if it cannot hold him at first, in the end it often brings him back. Though sometimes it is too late."

"It could not be too late, if she were alive." She was no longer crying. This strange, rough man, with his quick, decided voice and gloomy eyes, had diverted the current of her thoughts. It was of his words she was thinking now.

"No," he answered, and she could not tell if he were mocking her or not; "but there so often steps in death, and it is too late."

He seemed about to go, leaving those as his last words, but stopped again, and, "You are the daughter of the Englishman who lives in Breitstein," he said.

"Yes; I am Leigh Curwen."

"I am Eberhardt," he said.

The effect of the words on the girl was electric. Up till that moment it had scarcely struck her to think of the stranger as more than a voice that had answered her doubting, grieved words; but now he took at once a strange and almost terrifying personality.

The color flew up into her cheeks, she was aware of her quickened pulses. And yet why should she fear him, unless, as some whispered, he was mad? But mingled with the fear was a thrill of excitement, which for the moment made her forget her previous trouble.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked, noting the change of expression.

"I am not afraid," she asserted boldly, but saying so, she was not quite sure if there were not a shadow of truth in his words.

"Confess," — there was a note of passion in his voice, — "confess you would not have spoken to me had you know who I was. Where were your instincts? If I were likely to harm you, why did they not warn you? But no; you could talk to me as if I were your brother — until you learn who I am. Come now," and as he spoke he laid his hand on her shoulder, "tell me what it is you have heard about me. What is it?" he repeated; and as she still remained silent, "that I am one who has broken the law — done something which makes it better to keep out of sight? Well, you do not say no or yes, so I may suppose it is so. And if it were true, if I had been as guilty as possible — in the past — if I had committed any crime you choose to imagine, why should you argue from that that I should hurt you now? Have faith, child. Do not

judge by hearsay, but by your own experience; you are young enough for that."

The sudden, passionate outbreak died away; the speaker stood watching the girl, who had now risen, — stood watching her with some shadowy expectation of awaiting a reply. At any rate, so Leigh Curwen interpreted the look.

"You have been kind to me," she said, lifting her eyes to his; "I am not afraid of you, — why should I be? You do not look to me," she added, as he still stood silent, "as if you would hurt any one, unless," — remembering the passion that had shaken his voice a minute ago, — "unless you were angry." No smile lightened the gravity of his eyes at the concluding words.

"A wide reservation," he said; "the devil makes the most of those reservations, and grants opportunities."

"But you are stronger than the devil," she said gently.

Once again he looked at her, as if weighing her words, but good-night was what he said when he spoke next, and added, "Don't trouble your young soul any more about problems that the wisdom of the world can't answer. Be happy while you can; men are not worth the tears women give them."

"Oh yes," she replied, "some men are," remembering that young dead hero; "though after all —"

"After all, — what?" as she paused.

"It does not much matter," she concluded, "I mean, if they are worth it. They are worth it to us," she ended softly.

"Which proves," he said gravely, "what an advantage it is to a man not to put himself outside the pale of a woman's love."

"I think that is impossible." What could Leonard do in the uncertain future which would make her stand aloof from him? "*We* cannot alter," she concluded vaguely, "because they do."

He had left her then, and she had made her way home slowly, under the solemn trees, the current of her thought changed from the bright-faced, eager boy from whom she had parted, to this man, with the sad, grave eyes, and the stern, unsmiling mouth.

She had no one to speak to of her little adventure, for her father took but little interest in the village and its doings, and gradually the episode faded, until its sharp outlines were lost, but not before one day, in a quick flash of memory, she had recognized in the stranger of the wood the man who had been kind to her as a little child, lifting her on to his horse,

drying her tears, and comforting her with the promise of showing her the way home.

Nothing else of any importance, it seemed, on looking back, had happened in her whole life, except one brief visit from Leonard, until that dreary evening, this past week, when her father had been brought home, ill, dying, the strange, black-browed man by his side.

"Eberhardt!" the servants had cried, shrinking back from the open door, even in that moment giving more thought to the dweller on the heights, who had thus appeared amongst them, than to poor insensible Wilfred Curwen. It was to Leigh he addressed his few words, to her he explained how and where he had found her father, fainting and ill, and had got assistance, and brought him home; to her he looked as to what her wishes might be.

She did not shrink from him, perhaps partly from association, which had taught her not to fear him, perhaps because in that supreme moment any strong human help was valuable.

Amongst all the varied inmates of the house, all offering advice or grieving aloud, all more or less excited, he stood unmoved and calm, as if the terror and agitation had left him alone untouched. When a moment later Madame Hartmann herself announced that the room was ready, and, accompanied by the excited maids, the men who had brought Mr. Curwen home prepared to carry him upstairs, Leigh, who was following them, turned back, as if with a sudden impulse, to where the dark, silent figure still stood, and "Wait," she said, laying a slim, trembling hand on his.

Though such had evidently not been his intention, yet at the words, the touch, "Yes," he answered, "I will wait."

Two hours later, — the request she had made forgotten in the anguish of her heart at the doctor's verdict, — when she re-entered the little room, she was reminded of it, by the sight of him standing — so it seemed to her — in the same attitude in which she had left him, looking out through the falling winter twilight on to the dull village street.

She faltered some words of apology, which he checked by a question.

"Your brother, where is he? You must send for him."

"It is too late," she cried. "Every day we are expecting a letter saying he has gone to India. He hoped to come to us, but only in his last letter said he feared it would be impossible."

She was not crying — only looking at him, as if praying of him to hold out some shadow of hope. "I will send a telegram at any rate," he answered; "there is always a chance."

"It has been a great trouble," she went on, — "hearing of this sudden order to India," she explained. "I fear that is what has made my father ill."

There was no hope he could hold out; it was in silence he left her, and went out into the darkening night.

The message brought no reply. Day after day passed; the old man lay dying, — not calmly, as Leigh would have wished, but torn with anxiety for what was to become of her.

And then one day he told her of the way of peace that had opened, — that Eberhardt had offered to marry her, and stand between her and the cold, desolate world, in which he was about to leave her.

"Do not refuse," the old man urged. "Dear Leigh, it is breaking my heart to leave you like this. He is trustworthy, I feel certain of it. All these years, except that he has lived alone, there has been no word against him. The childish gossip of ignorant villagers is not to be listened to. Promise me this, and let me die in peace."

And she had promised. Why should she not? The lonely world in which she was to be left she dreaded. This man, to her at least, was kind in his stern, quiet way. He asked nothing from her; he only took her hand in his as they stood by the old man's side and said, "You consent?"

"Yes," she faltered; but a minute later turned towards him, lifting her eyes to his. "I do not know you," she said, — her voice was steady, though low. "You have been kind to me, and my father wishes it; but you are a stranger to us. Tell me, is there any reason why I should not marry you?"

Her eyes never left his face; under their steady gaze, his, for a second, wavered. It seemed as if his face, so stern and cold, for a second grew sterner, colder, but his voice did not falter as he answered, "No."

"I trust you," Leigh said.

And only a couple of days later she was kneeling by his side, listening to the words which made her his wife. Then so few hours of separation between that moment and the one in which she knew herself to be fatherless, — so few the hours, and now, with the past all cut away from behind her, she was setting forth

alone to face the future which was so dim and uncertain. She did not analyze enough to know exactly what she felt. The thought of the strange, dark-eyed man she was going to meet quickened her heart-beats; it was impossible to realize that he was her husband, — that it was to that building on the heights, from whose turret window the light had so often shone through the darkness, that she was going, to share his life. No, that was unrealizable, and what she could realize was frightening; and yet underneath it all was a sensation that, the terror once calmed, there would be peace and protection for her there, and shelter from the cold, desolate world she feared. In this faith, which was that of a child for some one who had been kind, she drove through the dark winter night in the shabby fly from the Red Lion, up the steep hill path to where Castle Breitenstein loomed above.

## CHAPTER II.

Paradise is under the shadow of swords.

THERE was no light visible when the carriage drew up before the gloomy mass of building which showed dimly through the darkness. Leigh felt her courage failing, her dreams vanishing, as the man, after some vain attempts, informed her he could not find a bell, and that there seemed to be no one about; but even as he spoke, there was a slow, shuffling footstep, and a dim lantern showed vaguely an old man in the doorway. He said something which the girl interpreted to mean that he was sorry not to have seen her arrival, and then dismissing the carriage, told her to follow him.

He led the way, his lantern casting uncertain lights and shadows, through various dark passages, until he paused before a heavy curtain, and lifting it disclosed a door hidden behind its folds.

Almost involuntarily Leigh stretched out her hand as if to stop him; but it was too late, if such had been her intention. He had turned the handle, and she was standing on the threshold of a room, which by comparison with the gloomy passages that had led to it, was dazzling to her eyes.

At the sound of the opening door, Eberhardt, the only occupant, looked up with an exclamation. "It is you," he said, rising and moving towards her. "I hoped I should have heard you arrive." He took her cold hands in his and drew her nearer to the fire. "Hans will get you some coffee," he said.

Left alone, she drew her hand from his half nervously. He did not attempt to retain it, but pulled a low chair up to the great open hearth, and placed a fresh log on the fire; and as it blazed up in a bright flame, he turned where he knelt beside her and pushed the hood back from her hair. With something akin to curiosity, then, she looked at him — this man who stood so near to her, and who yet was so entirely a stranger. The old remembrance of him crept back as she looked, eradicating later impressions; the remembrance that he was kind — meant to be kind, at least; and to-night there was a softer look in the dark gloomy eyes and about the stern mouth — a look more in accord with the gentleness with which he unclasped her cloak and put it aside.

"You are warmer now," he said; and once more he took her hand in his, holding it for a moment in his firm clasp. Then, before releasing it, he kissed the narrow ring that gleamed in the firelight. This time she did not shrink from his touch, only reddened a little at the unaccustomed caress, and a little later was speaking of her troubles and anxieties with almost the same freedom as when she had appealed to him in the wood against the perplexities of the world.

No doubt nor thought as to the future had yet troubled her mind. It seemed, as she rested in the firelight, that on to the broad shoulders of this man kneeling beside her she had thrown her share of the burden. The immediate present, with its sense of rest and comfort after the weary trouble and terror of the last days, was all that affected her.

By-and-by, when he went back to the unfinished letter that her entrance had interrupted, she let her eyes wander round the room, taking in all the outward life of the man; a bare, scantily furnished room, with some tattered tapestry on the walls; the armchair in which she was seated; the table drawn up to the window, to which his back was turned; the window from which the light had so often streamed down into the valley. The curtain was drawn now, shutting out the winter light, and against its dark crimson background stood out in strong relief the bent head of the writer. From all their journeyings round the room, it was to that quiet figure her eyes returned, — the dark head greyer than she remembered it, the eyes which she had never seen lighten into smiles, the hard lines about the mouth, and the strong, nervous hand that held the pen. Once as she looked his eyes met hers, and

on an impulse, it seemed, he leant forward and spoke.

"After a little while, when things can be arranged, I should like to take you away from here. This is not my home, you know."

She nodded. How often in the old days had she been told the story of how Eberhardt had taken the deserted castle — the castle that was haunted — which all went to prove the truth of the villagers' suspicions, that it was not for nothing the devil let him live unharmed in his own domain. She smiled a little now at the thought, and her mind shifted from his words; and when a few moments later they returned to her memory, the question that they prompted was checked on her lips by a sudden sound which broke the stillness. Then the door was hastily opened, and Leonard Curwen stood on the threshold. Yes, it was doubtless Leonard — though in this worn, travel-stained man, it was difficult to recognize the young proud brother whom she had last seen.

But her first thought was joy he had come; once again she was to see him before these years of separation should come between them, and it was with a sudden passionate happiness she moved towards him. The heavy mantle slipped to the floor, revealing the slender, black-clad figure; but it was on the hand that clasped his that Leonard Curwen's looks were turned — to the gold band she wore.

"What is that, Leigh?" he cried. And then changing his words, and looking to where Eberhardt still sat watching them, "Who is that?"

"It is my husband," she faltered.

"Too late!" For a moment the slight boyish figure seemed to tremble, but his clasp of his sister did not loosen.

"Do not blame," she began.

"Not you," he answered, taking her hand in his, his arm tightening its hold about her; and standing thus, there was something touching in the resemblance they bore to each other. "No; I have come to save you. What is his name?" he questioned.

"Eberhardt. Oh, Leo! you remember him?"

"Is that your name?" The flashing angry eyes of the younger man sought and met those resolute dark ones.

"No."

The answer came sharp and stern; the girl trembled as she heard it, and crept closer to her brother, her hold on his hand tightened.

"You hear, Leigh?" he said. "You are not ashamed," his young passionate voice ringing through the silent room, "to take advantage of a poverty-stricken, helpless old man, and a young defenceless girl. You have hidden yourself successfully all these years, but I have found you at last. You are Sigismund Westenholz."

"Sigismund Westenholz," the man replied, and still his resolute eyes faced boldly his young accuser, "is dead."

"Not dead," the other retorted hotly, "but dishonored—disgraced!"

"Leo," pleaded Leigh, as at the words Eberhardt rose. He did not, however, move a step nearer, did not even drop the pen that he still held. But Leigh's soft voice was drowned in Leonard's fiery tones.

"Do you know him now, Leigh? See him, recognize him, for whom he is, Rudolf's murderer—and your husband! All these years to have sought him, and to find him thus!—now, when it is you who have tied my hands."

With a low cry, Leigh shrank away from his side. Her eyes turned to Eberhardt; it was to him she spoke—to him who still stood silent.

"You deceived me!" she cried. It was all she said, but her words brought a fierce, quick answer.

"You cannot feel it more than I do."

It was no repudiation, it was acceptance.

To Leigh, it felt as if the palace of life were falling about her. No words were possible; indeed there was nothing to say in face of such direful disaster.

From both these men she seemed now equally separated. Was this passionate man, flaming out in righteous indignation, the dear brother whose life she had shared so long? Was this other he who had first blighted their home life, and whose image had been the shadow on their home? "Rudolf's murderer!"—the words were ringing in her ears.

"Say something in answer," Leonard cried; "with your own mouth condemn yourself. Let the girl you have deceived understand it. Own that you lied to her—married her on false pretences."

"Silence"—a despairing voice followed the other's rapid speech—"is as condemning as words." The quiet tones broke the other's quick torrent.

"You have hidden yourself all these years," ignoring his words; "you married under a false name; you were anxious the world should forget Sigismund Westenholz."

"A useless wish, even if possible. It needed no one outside one's self to remind one that Sigismund Westenholz was still alive, all these years."

"Ten years," interrupted Leonard passionately. "Do you think we have forgotten? He who was brother to us, in all but name; and now—it is too hard. You have taken them both from me—first the brother, and now the sister."

"I deny nothing—say, do what you will. The right is on your side."

"So easy to say when you are safely sheltered behind ten years of silence, which have given you in addition the means of working us this further evil."

"I do not accept the shelter. Your sister married me, as you say, to please her father, who feared to leave her alone in the world; but she married me in ignorance, under a false name. Such a marriage, one would think, could be easily set aside. I do not press my claims. She is free,—as free as if you had come in time to save her. Take her away with you, and I swear that she shall never hear of me again."

It was faint reparation Leonard in his hot passion felt, but it was all he had to offer. He took a few steps nearer to him, until only the narrow width of the writing-table divided them, and the lamp showed the two faces clearly and distinctly to the watching woman.

"It was not," he cried, "to leave you in peace, that I have sought you all these years,—it was to avenge the death of the man who was my dearest friend. It was a cruel death—you know it. You knew that the chances were all in your favor."

"I did not know it at the time," the other answered.

"Others thought differently," Leonard said significantly. "But I would have risked the same fate that he found; I should not have feared it any more than he did, only—I cannot fight Leigh's husband, even though he is her husband only in name."

Leigh was standing beside him now, a white, terrified woman between these two men,—the one so strange and terrifying in his passion, the other so still and calm, and yet with something in the stillness more alarming than the other's wrath.

"No," he went on, "I accept what I feel to be the failure of my life, foiled through some luck which has once again stood you in good stead. Ten years thrown away."

"I was *your* age." There was something pathetic in the words, emphasized



as they were by the strong-lined face, the dark gloomy eyes, that looked at the young passionate boy opposite; but it may be doubted if in either of the two young hearts the pathos found any reflection.

"I accept the inevitable," Leonard went on, unheeding the interruption. "Leigh and I will go away, and strive to forget you, and the cruel harm you have done us."

He took the girl's hand in his, and drew her nearer to him, and it seemed as if she clung closer to him, seeking protection from all this new fierce trouble. She rested her cheek against his arm, touching his hand with a little caressing gesture, — almost, it was, as if she were about to go away with him, out into the wide world, all unknowing and unquestioning as to what lay on the other side of this room, when of a sudden Eberhardt's voice was heard again.

"She is free to do as she wills, — the choice lies with her, — to go with you, or to stay with me."

Something in the voice recalled to her memory the new life that so short a time back had opened before her, something in its tones made her turn her head, and look at him who had spoken. Her hand dropped from Leonard's arm, and she stood irresolutely between them.

"Choose," Leonard said. "I can do but little for you, — anyway it seems to me your life is spoilt. But with me, you know my love, — it is tried and proved. I will do what I can to make you happy."

The tears fell down her cheeks at the words; she faltered out something of which the only clear words were, "Ah, Leo, with you, whatever happened, I should be happy, — you know it," and at the words Eberhardt turned his head, and, drawing aside the curtain, looked out into the night.

A second later a light hand was laid on his shoulder. If he felt the touch, he gave but small sign that it was so. He did not turn his head, took no part in the passionate tender talk between the brother and sister. It was his silence and abandonment that had set the seal on Leigh's decision. Almost unconsciously she had decided, letting her hand rest on his shoulder with a momentary desire to comfort one who was so terribly in the wrong. And to her he had been kind; through the tumult and pain of her brother's words, that thought would again find its way.

All alone he stood against the world;

for the moment desire to stand by his side obliterated the realization of what such a position would cost her. But now she knew, with Leonard's arms round her, Leonard's kisses on her cheeks, bidding her farewell, striving to speak gently and fairly.

"I do not blame you, little one. You were helpless, and alone, and deceived, and I cannot decide for you now; but if you wish for me at any moment, if you are unhappy, do not hide it from me, — send for me. Oh, it has been a cruel fate! But I was away. I have travelled night and day since I got your telegram, but too late — too late! Well, I am going; I do not choose to stay here. Good-bye, Leigh. Nothing — no one — shall come between us." He kissed her again, and turned with quick, uneven footsteps away; but at the door he paused once more to look back and cry, "Leigh, do you hesitate? Come to me."

But she only shook her head — the tears would not let her speak; and with those last words, that last look of love and sorrow, the door closed between them.

Left alone in the silence that succeeded the young denouncing voice, it seemed as if in a moment the passionate spirit had passed into her own heart — as if only now, when her choice was made, and she stood facing what she had done, did she realize the impossibility of her position.

The momentary pity had passed; it was as if Leonard's spirit had passed into Leigh's soft dark eyes, when, at length, Eberhardt turned and faced her.

"Why did you stay?" he asked. His voice was unsteady, the hand resting on the table trembled a little; but by Leigh both signs passed unobserved.

"Why!" she cried, "what was I to do? You knew my position. Do you think it would be an easy matter for my brother to provide a home for me? I do not wish to spoil his life as well as my own."

There were no tears in the eyes that met his now — it was as if a flame of fire had dried them; no tremble in the clear voice. Almost it seemed as if, after that parting, the curtain had fallen behind the soft-eyed girl, and that it was passionate young Leonard Curwen who had remained.

"Deceived and broken-hearted," every other thought or memory was summed up for her in those words, and the powerlessness she felt but served to augment the bitterness of her soul. She had not expected much; she had striven to please

her father—had done what he had wished, trusting only, in her foolish, confiding youth, to the honor of this man—and he was unworthy of her trust; had with his own lips acknowledged that it was so. She was helpless and alone; there was no one to whom to appeal, and it was as if the knowledge of the weakness of her position roused a despairing, feverish strength which sought relief in words. But for a moment after she had spoken, they were both silent, both standing nearly the width of the room between them, and how much besides of separation that no space could define; she with head half turned towards the door, as if there were yet a shadowy dream of escape, her face whiter than before, her eyes dark-circled and tragic in their despair; he, haggard and worn, with some faint, unaccustomed pleading in the gloomy eyes.

To him she appeared like some beautiful wild animal realizing the sense of capture; and, if it were so, in him she only saw a cruel captor, who, not trusting to his strength alone, had used unfair strategy.

It was the woman who at length broke the silence. Her taunting words brought no response; and she had now passed beyond the stage wherein to recognize that words are futile, is cause sufficient for withholding them.

"You say nothing—can say nothing! Well," with sudden attempt at calmness, clasping her hands together and facing him once more, "tell me the story. Let me hear it from your point of view. What did you fight about?"

"You do not know?"

"I know nothing," with swift passion. "I have been kept in ignorance all my life; but my eyes," with bitter emphasis, "have been opened at last."

"We fought about a certain Eleanor von Cortlandt," with stern brevity. "She—"

"It was about a woman," Leigh's voice broke in with curious breathlessness. "You loved her?"

"I loved her," he acquiesced.

She laughed a little, harsh, discordant laugh.

"And she?"

"We both flattered ourselves that her smiles were ours alone. It appeared afterwards we were both mistaken."

"Why?" Despite herself, there was eagerness in the question.

"It was a sort of proof that she refused my love when I offered it to her."

"You were *his* murderer!"

The words came swiftly, as if unpre-

meditatedly; but she lifted her eyes defiantly, as if to stand by them—even if they had escaped her unawares.

"You only see me in that terrible light?"

"Only."

"You are a hard judge," he said slowly.

"Do you not believe in expiation?"

"Expiation with you," she retorted quickly, "meant refuge from the world's blame—bitterness at the loss of the woman you loved."

Viewed from her point of view, it was such a natural summing up.

"Is she alive?" pursuing her questions in quick, hard tones.

"Yes."

It seemed as if with each word he was putting himself further in the wrong, and yet the facts might have been twisted into another direction, he felt, if only—But under the circumstances such was not likely to be the case.

Burning as she was with a sense of her wrongs, her heart still aching over the sorrow that had left her desolate in the world, it was little wonder that Leigh saw everything in harsh outline, with no softening intervening veil.

She waited a second after that brief answer to her question, and then, half turning away, —

"I have nothing more to say," she said. "Whether you have told me the truth or not, how am I to know? There may be more, which I shall learn some day. When it comes, I shall at least be better prepared than I was this evening."

He said something, — some quick words passed his lips. Of that she was assured; and she half essayed, through the gathering numbness that was creeping over her, to hear what they were. But though he spoke, he did not move—only wavered a little, as if he were growing a shadowy outline, instead of the distinct reality he had been for so long against the dull crimson background. Or was it she herself that was unsteadily striving to push aside the heavy curtain that hung over the door? But it must be done, though she was not very strong; she could not remain here. Escape, that was what she must do; and this was the way. In here it was a prison—a suffocating prison; and she pressed her hand to her throat, leaning for a moment against the door to recover breath. Here was no place for her. In here she had listened to all that story which necessitated her departure. What was the story? Something about Eleanor—what was the name? He loved her.

Yes, that was it. Recalling all her energies, which seemed slipping away from her, she grasped the curtain more firmly with one hand, but it was a faint grasp. She felt it slipping away from her, a darkness growing between her and the firelight, then a momentary terror, which found utterance in one sharp cry, "Eberhardt!" But before he could answer it, or reach her side, she was lying white and still on the threshold.

When next realities and dreams stood out sharply dissevered from one another, she was lying in bed, the cold wintry sun streaming into the room. For a moment all this previous horror was part of the shifting feverish visions that had haunted her during the night, and she was opening glad girlish eyes in the small room at Madame Hartmann's boarding-house, where so much of her life had been passed.

But a minute later, when she lifted herself on her elbow, the sight of the strange room brought memory back; and, as she moved, the curtain was pushed aside, and a woman appeared by her bed, at the sight of whom all that had been momentarily indistinct came back.

This calm, quiet woman had leant over her, her face moved with anxiety, when she had first opened her eyes after that vain effort to escape; this woman's gentle hands had helped her later into bed, and had brought her some refreshing drink, after taking which she had sunk into that troubled sleep which had yet brought half forgetfulness; and it seemed as if, while she was tossing feverishly about during the past hours, now and again the same kind hands had smoothed her pillow, the same gentle eyes looked at her.

"Were you here all the time?" she asked, realizing this fact.

"Madame is awake," the woman said. "I will get you some coffee; it will refresh you."

"No." Leigh turned quickly, catching at the woman's hands. "No, don't leave me."

"I will ring for it," she answered soothingly, and as she spoke, she pushed back the thick dark hair. "No, I will not leave you; I am here to take care of you."

The frightened look faded out of the girl's eyes. Perhaps the elder woman understood what she feared; she said nothing, but she sighed as she walked across the room, and opened the door to give the order. When it had been attended to, and Leigh had drunk the coffee, she rose once more from her seat by the bed, and put-

ting an envelope down by her, "There is a letter for madame," she said; "I will wait while she reads it — there may be an answer."

There was no doubt who it was from, though she had only seen the writing once on that previous scrap of paper which she had received. Was it only last night? She knew it at once; her breath came quickly at the sight, her cheeks grew whiter still, but she opened it and read it.

It was not very long, and so clear that, weak and bewildered as she was, its meaning reached her at once. There was no formal beginning, — in that it resembled its predecessor, but there the resemblance ceased.

"Margaret tells me you have had a bad night, so perhaps you will not feel well enough for a journey to-day. But if you are inclined to start, I have made arrangements for you to go to my sister, where I think and hope you will be happier. You are too young to let a sorrow, however crushing, spoil your life. Put it aside, and forget as much as possible; or, if that is denied you, do not at least refuse yourself the chance of so doing. Rest assured of this, at least, that everything that can be done to make your future easy, will be done. Margaret will remain with you, and arrange your journey just how and when you feel inclined. She comes from Arnheim, and can tell you anything you wish to know." And then, abruptly, as in that other letter, his signature; and as in that, only the name by which she had learnt to know him — "EBERHARDT."

Under it a few more words, written as if something had prompted them, — some personal feeling which had been carefully suppressed in the letter itself.

"If you should ever wish me to do anything for you, or even to see me, I shall be here; or if I should leave, my sister will always know where I am to be found."

When she had read it, she folded it absently, unheeding of the anxious eyes that followed her movements. But at length she spoke, turning her head to ask gently, "You are Margaret?"

"Yes."

"I am glad," the girl said softly, touching the elder woman's hand. "You look so kind and good, I am glad you will be with me."

"And you wish to go?" she questioned tentatively.

"Yes, — oh yes! *When?* That is what we must think of. I cannot breathe here

—it suffocates me. But you are tired; you shall," grudgingly, "have one night's rest, and then —"

"There is no reason why we should not start to-day, if that is the only reason;" but there was a little disappointed sigh as she added, "There is no answer?"

"No, no;" said the girl quickly; "you sit down and tell me how we are to go, and when — when?"

"You are so impatient."

"Yes; I will tell you why."

She drew the elder woman nearer, and lowered her voice. "I thought — all night it haunted me — that he would keep me here."

"And you are so anxious to go?"

The girl only nodded, and turned impatiently to the consideration of the journey, and what it involved.

It mattered little to her where she was going, or into what dim, unknown future. To escape from the neighborhood of him who had wrought the wrong, to go away, was her only thought, into some new future which should contain some as yet unknown water of forgetfulness, in the drinking of which she would become Leigh Curwen once more, and that was what this journey seemed to offer. She was too young to have learnt that there are no spaces so wide that, hastening across them, we can congratulate ourselves that we have outstripped what we are flying from; small wonder was it, then, that her only wish and hope was to begin the journey which was to obliterate the past.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

#### GREATER GREECE AND ITS EDUCATION.

EUROPE, and perhaps more especially England, is apt to be disappointed with the progress made by the Greek kingdom during its half-century of freedom; that is to say, we are disappointed that a tiny, mountainous country, without resources, for the most part sterile, the inhabitants of which, from long disuse to government, look only to local interests, and on whom the idea of patriotism is only just dawning, does not follow in the footsteps of Italy and make of itself a power. But the fact is that we might as well make a separate kingdom of Cornwall and Devonshire, and expect it to rival the British Empire, as expect the tiny Greek kingdom, with its two millions of inhabitants, to take position as a power in the East.

Wealthy Greeks, the representatives of greater Greece, as we may call them, have recognized these impossibilities by withholding their support in a great measure from what we should naturally call their own country. They continue to live in Constantinople, England, France, Egypt, and elsewhere, carrying on their commerce; a race as scattered almost, and as commercial, as the Jews, but by no means unpatriotic, in so far as patriotism is possible. Large sums of money find their way into proper channels for the education and elevation of the Greek nation still in bondage; these Greeks realize the fact that education is the one weapon with which to fight Turkey and to check the advances of Russia in the East, and when it is a question of money for the building of schools for Greeks in remote parts of the Turkish Empire the purse-strings of greater Greece are always loosened.

Nobody who has known Athens for long, or who knows the real resources of the country of which she is the capital, can be disappointed with the progress made. Few cities have improved more during the last twenty years. The government has introduced compulsory education on a most extensive scale; railroads are being opened; drainage and the planting of trees have received great attention; and the sudden breeze of patriotism which has lately passed over Greece and puzzled Europe will doubtless bear its fruits in greater unity of purpose. Perhaps the real evil which more than anything else has checked the progress of Greece during the last half-century has been its constitutional government. There are many Cavour in Greece. Tricoupis is a Cavour with English ideas; but unfortunately Greece is not ruled over by a Victor Emanuel, nor has she yet produced a Garibaldi. Everybody in the small kingdom is, as of old, a politician, and the consequence of this is that ministries rise and fall, and elections take place with a rapidity which might even astonish us. The one point on which all Greeks are agreed, and which has been taught them by late events, is this, that if ever they are to hold their own in the Balkan peninsula they must have more territory. They crave for the fertile plains of Epirus and Macedonia, for something that will give them a chance of development and the means of existence on a large scale.

The place where the Greek is seen to the greatest advantage is not at Athens, where mass meetings will one day cheer

for Delyannis and the next for Tricoupis, but at Constantinople. There he is, so to speak, on the defensive, living in the midst of the great destroyer of his race and freedom. Here his commercial propensities and industry have brought him to the fore. The "unspeakable Turk," who loves money, but hates making it as bitterly as he hates the Greek who can make it, has given him in return for money everything that he asks. This has enabled the Greeks to attack the Turks with the above-mentioned weapon of education. Concessions for Greek schools all over the rotten empire have been literally bought; there is scarcely a Greek village in Macedonia, Epirus, the islands, and the coast villages of Asia Minor which has not been supplied with schools for both girls and boys, either through the munificence of rich Greeks, or through the clerical and monastic influence which in its day has played so valiant a part in the conservation of the Hellenic language and the Christian religion.

After the revolution there came a thirst for a more extended system of education, the spirit of patriotism was aroused, and central societies were formed at Constantinople with a view to elaborate some scheme for the elevation of the masses of the Greek population scattered through the Turkish Empire. For many years the progress made towards this end was exceedingly slow, owing to the keen opposition of the Turkish government, and it was not till 1861, when the Porte found itself in a hopeless condition of finance, that the Greeks were able to step in and purchase from their rulers concessions for schools, and a concession for the existence, in the very centre of the Ottoman Empire, of a central educational body constructed somewhat on the lines of a German *Schulverein*. At first a so-called central college was formed by the Greeks of Constantinople, which drew up for itself a wide programme of action, and established as the basis of its work the patriotic motive of raising the Greek masses out of the depths of ignorance into which they had fallen under the Ottoman rule. But this college failed, for reasons which we need not here discuss, and finally handed over its programme to a society, which last year celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and which rejoices in the somewhat high-sounding title of the Hellenic Philological Syllogos.

To this society is in a great measure due the immense advance in education which has been made by the Greek popu-

lation in the Turkish dominions during the last twenty years. The influence which has been effected by the society upon the masses is only now beginning to be felt, and if its area of usefulness develops with similar rapidity during the next quarter of a century, little will be left to be desired on the score of education.

This society was not, as its name would almost lead one to imagine, a literary society founded by a collection of literary men. The men who in 1861 joined together with the view of developing and spreading education amongst their compatriots were, for the most part, bankers, shopkeepers, doctors, and priests, not one of whom had at that time any special predilection for literature or art; and up to the present time it is from these classes of society that the ranks of the Syllogos are filled. Herakles Vasiades, for example, who is president of the society this year, and who has been re-elected to this post on several occasions, is by profession a medical man, and he has for many years past been the moving spirit of the society.

The epithet philological, which has been given to the society, is not to be understood in the somewhat restricted sense in which we are accustomed to consider it; it is in no way intended to imply that the society is devoted solely to philology and literary pursuits, but it must be understood in the wider and more patriotic sense, namely, that the society has for one of its chief objects the instruction in letters of a vast population, of whom fifty years ago only five per cent. of the males, and only one per cent. of the women, could either read or write.

The branches of the society are manifold; there is the archæological branch, pure and simple, presided over by its own chairman and directed by its own committee. This branch has done admirable work in the preservation of ancient monuments in and around Constantinople. Then there is the scientific branch, likewise under the direction of a separate committee, which has done all it can towards the advancement of scientific research, and towards the amelioration of the sanitary condition of one of the most unsanitary cities of Europe. Thirdly, we have the financial committee, which looks after the internal working of all the branches of the society; this branch has the onerous duty of soliciting and collecting subscriptions, and of attending to the demands made on the society's resources by the other committees; but the most ac-



tive and useful branch is the educational, the committee of which has adopted the object which the former college set itself as its own, namely, that of spreading education through the Levant. It is with this branch of the society that we are now more especially interested, so we will at once set out its scheme, which is as follows:—

(a) The spread of education amongst the orthodox peoples of the East, paying especial attention to female education, whereby the mothers of the future Greek race may be enabled to undertake the instruction of their children from their earliest infancy.

(b) This object is to be brought about by the erection of boys' and girls' schools wherever necessary, and by assisting already established schools to increase their usefulness.

(c) Special attention is to be paid to the publishing and distribution of good educational books for the use of these schools.

(d) Efficient schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are to be sent from Constantinople to superintend these schools in remote districts of the empire where the same cannot be locally provided.

(e) And lastly, the society is to endeavor to establish colleges for the better education of the lower clergy, whose immediate work it is to cope with ignorance and superstition.

The carrying out of this scheme has naturally called for the greatest liberality on the part of the wealthier Greeks, and the substantial success which has been already achieved during the short period of twenty-five years is the best testimony that can be found to illustrate their genuine patriotism, and is a subject for the warmest congratulations to the Sylogos.

Throughout the period of four centuries of darkness which succeeded the fall of the Eastern Empire, there always existed amongst the Greek-speaking population an attempt at education solely conducted by the clergy; their schools were known as simple or elementary schools, and the education therein given to the boys who attended them was limited in the extreme; specimens of these simple schools may still be found in outlying districts, where the central educational system has not yet penetrated. The classes are generally held in the vestibule of the church, or in a house close by, and are only opened at those seasons of the year when the priest, who is usually the master, is not obliged to be working in his fields. The scholars learn the letters of the alphabet from writ-

ten tablets, and when they can read correctly a verse of the Psalter they are sent home to their work and to forget the very shape of letters. Some few only are permitted to prosecute their studies until they are able to read the Psalms and the Gospels; two or three at the most ever attain to such a pitch of excellence that they are allowed to read a portion of the service in church. When such a paragon of intellect adorns a family, the grateful parents and relatives will make a great feast in honor of the occasion; they will bring handsome gifts to the instructor as a testimony of their gratitude, and the successful pupil is considered to be so superior to the rest of his family that he takes the name of Diakos or Deacon, which name is treasured in his family for generations. If such a youth feels inclined to take up literature as his profession in preference to the tilling of his ancestral fields, he may proceed to the higher branch of writing, and from being the secretary of the schoolmaster in his capacity of village scribe, he may attain to the proud rank of schoolmaster and village scribe himself.

It was on such material as this that the Sylogos had to build its educational structure. Of course in some of the larger towns there existed schools of a higher class; these were at once incorporated into the scheme, and this was done by constituting them as the heads of branch brotherhoods and societies incorporated with and constructed on the same principle as the Sylogos at Constantinople.

Fifteen years after the foundation of this Philological Society there sprang into existence no less than eighty-four of these independent branches, scattered all over the empire, which recognized the educational committee in the capital as their central head. By degrees in some towns, such as Adrianople, for example, reading-rooms were opened and libraries formed, and the several branches of archaeology and science were added to the already existing educational one, so that the constitution of the mother society was reproduced at Adrianople in all its departments.

Now there are many more of these branches, and the work is steadily advancing. Some of these offshoots have taken to themselves appropriate names; that at Philippopolis was known as the Brotherhood of Good Works, that at Smyrna is called the Homer, that in Patmos the Regeneration. It is required of each of these societies and brotherhoods that they shall transmit periodical accounts of the

work done and of the necessities of each place for the beneficial extension of the system; and in the journal which the central society publishes periodically at Constantinople, side by side with accounts of archaeological discoveries and scientific research, we read the minutes of the Educational Committee, which proves at the same time the extent of the generous help already given and the immense field that there is for future development.

We will now proceed to take examples from various points of the Turkish Empire of the educational work that is in progress. Where the monastic resources are sufficient, and where help is not urgently required, matters are allowed to pursue their old course. On the island of Nisyros, for instance, we found the archimandrite Cyril, of the monastery of the Holy Virgin of the Cave, the chief mover in the diminutive society on this island, who, besides acting as banker for the peasants and issuing cardboard notes, an inch and a half square and of the value of one penny each, signed by his name, as a medium for exchange, and besides paying for a doctor to attend the poor people free of charge, has likewise with the income of the monastic property established a boys' school and a girls' school at Mandraki, the chief village on the island, which are presided over by efficient teachers, who have been sent out thither through the agency of the society, the books of instruction having likewise been provided from the same source. But all this had been done at the expense of the monastery, which is a prosperous one; and when one sees what valuable work these monastic institutions have done in their day for Hellenism, and how ready they are to co-operate with any institution for the advancement of their race, one is almost tempted to regret their suppression in the new Hellenic kingdom; but there, as in western Europe, the work of the monasteries is practically over, since the government has taken upon itself the sole superintendence of education, and is alone responsible for the improvement of the people. What monasteries once were, and what good they have done, can now only be realized in Turkey; the smaller ones, as the one in Nisyros for example, have provided education for the masses; the larger ones, as Mount Athos, have provided instruction in the higher branches of learning, and act as universities.

On the neighboring island of Telos, which is inhabited by semi-barbarous Greeks, living in a state of shocking igno-

rance and superstition, the monastery, in a similar fashion, has of late years commenced to work for the good of the people. Five years ago the monks decided to expend £25 per annum on the maintenance of a schoolmaster, who gave us a lamentable account of the ignorance he found there, and which still exists among the elder inhabitants; but when we visited the school each boy had in his hands the books which the society has printed for educational purposes, and the elder ones could read Xenophon quite fluently and translate it into modern Greek. The monastery of Telos is far from being as rich as that of Nisyros, so the inhabitants have to die without physic and the girls have to grow up without instruction, but doubtless in good time the society will step in and see to the rectification of the latter deficiency; for this is a field similar to those in which the society has done such admirable work elsewhere. But the island of Telos is only thinly populated, and as remote from any centre of civilization as could well be found.

In Macedonia the society can now boast of over twenty affiliated branches, the chief of which are the Educational Brotherhood, at Kozane, the Educational Society, at Drama, and the Pieria, at Naousa; and from Macedonia we may select an instance of the beneficial work which has already been carried out. At the mountainous village of Deliachova, when the society commenced operations, it had most lamentable difficulties to contend with. Here the mother tongue of the Greeks and the Slavs alike was a barbarous Turkish patois, and as none, even of the better class, understood Greek, the great difficulty was to obtain local assistance in the schools, and even those available would only teach when there was nothing to be done in the fields; the population was considerable, and the Church could only manage to advance £30 a year towards educational purposes. This position of affairs was duly represented to the Synodos at Constantinople, and through the society's instrumentality not only have proper Greek masters been provided, and the necessary educational books, but also a girls' school has been opened, that the future mothers of unborn Greeks may be able to speak to their infants in the language of their ancestors.

Fifteen years ago a valuable branch of the society was established at Adrianople with the object of forming a centre for the furtherance of education in Thrace; it started with a subscribed income of thirty

thousand grossia, partly advanced by the Syllogos, and partly by the richer inhabitants of the town; ever since then this income has been steadily on the increase, and the advantage of a public reading-room and library are now enjoyed by the Greek inhabitants of this large city, where not so many years ago the exception was for a man to be able to read or write. One of the most flourishing branches in Thrace is at Heraclea, on the Propontis, where previously, even though it was within easy reach of the capital, the greatest ignorance prevailed, and immense benefit has been conferred on a people who hitherto have known nothing of patriotism and their own nationality; whereas now, thanks to the efforts of the society, the fact has been brought home to them that they are Greeks, and that the main object of their rulers has been to keep them in ignorance of the fact.

In Asia Minor the war against ignorance has been waged by the society with equal success; here many villages existed, and still exist, where the Greeks are only recognizable by their religion, the language and customs of the dominant race having been universally adopted; to these villages the society has sought, to the best of its abilities, to send instructors to teach the children their ancestral tongue. We will briefly detail the history of the foundation of the brotherhood of Argyropolis, near Trebizond—it is a peculiarly interesting one, and one which serves to illustrate the method adopted by the society in carrying out its work.

Argyropolis is a town in lower Armenia, and was founded and chiefly colonized by Greeks who fled thither from Trebizond for greater security after the Ottoman conquest; it is situated in a wild and sterile district, the land around is unproductive, and timber is exceedingly scarce; but the town grew rapidly in importance, and took its name from the discovery of gold and silver mines in the neighborhood, and in the sixteenth century Argyropolis presented an appearance of eminent prosperity—churches, schools, and other fine buildings were erected, and in addition to the wealth that accrued to them from the working of the mines, the inhabitants carried on a large carrying trade with the Asiatic tribes from the east. After the lapse of years the mines were exhausted, and the caravan trade from eastern Asia found its way into other channels, so that owing to loss of employment and the want of natural productions for sustaining life, those who continued to live on at Ar-

gyropolis were reduced to the greatest state of destitution, the result being that at the commencement of this century the once flourishing town was reduced to a mere village, and of the numerous Greek families only a few hundred remained, and for these there was no education. Their language had, consequently, degenerated into an almost incomprehensible patois, and their only livelihood was gained by depredations and other acts of dishonesty.

About twenty years ago a few of the respectable Argyropolitans, who had settled at Trebizond for purposes of commerce, met together and expressed their distress at the condition of their native town; they, accordingly, determined to make an application to the Philological Society at Constantinople, which was then in its infancy, for assistance in forming a scheme to ameliorate its condition; and shortly afterwards, their statements having been duly considered at headquarters, a brotherhood of Argyropolitans was formed at Trebizond, and enrolled as one of the Asiatic branches of the society. With the generous assistance which was obtained from Constantinople this brotherhood was enabled to open in Argyropolis in the year 1870 a boys' school, and three years later this was followed by the opening of a girls' school; and now, not only in Argyropolis are there good schools, provided with efficient instructors and books from the central branch at Trebizond, but also the brotherhood has been enabled to establish schools in some of the neighboring villages.

Instances of the beneficent effect of the work done by the society might be enumerated indefinitely, but those I have given will serve to prove the progress which has been made during the last few years. As it at present exists, the Syllogos has representatives amongst its members of the best and richest Greek families in Constantinople; it possesses a large building in Pera containing a good-sized lecture-hall, reading-rooms, and a library, which is at present unfortunately small, owing to the fact that the original building was burnt in the great fire of Pera in 1872, when many valuable books and manuscripts were destroyed. They have a literary meeting every week, at which scientific and archaeological papers are read, and they have periodical business meetings, at which the secretaries of the several sections read minutes, which are published in the journal under the head of

Πρακτικά.

Especial attention has always been paid

by the society to the publication of good educational books in Greek, and Mr. Karapanos, celebrated for his excavations at Dodona, has given a prize for the best book of this class; the banker, Mr. Zographos, has in a similar fashion given encouragement to the best collection of songs and folk-lore from remote districts, and frequently on Sunday afternoons members of the archæological department may be seen visiting the chief objects of interest in Stamboul, under the guidance of Dr. Paspate, or some other archæologist who is versed in the intricacies of its antiquities, and by this means the Turks cannot destroy, without the knowledge and expostulation of the Greeks, any of the objects of interest which lie scattered around.

Several of the members occupy themselves in the study of the languages and literature of the numerous alien peoples under the Ottoman rule; this, of course, is a necessary adjunct to the educational scheme, since education has to be carried into countries where the original inhabitants have lost or corrupted their native idiom by intermixture with Asiatic tribes. In 1882 Mr. Theodore Mavrogordato devoted four annuities of one hundred and fifty Turkish pounds each to the discovery of manuscripts in the convents and seminaries in Asia Minor, and with this view Mr. Papadopoulos Kerameus has been sent on a journey to visit all the convents from Trebizond to Cappadocia. His researches have already been rewarded by the discovery of several curious specimens of Byzantine literature, including six unpublished letters of the emperor Julian the Apostate, and the result of his travels are being published by the society under the title of the Mavrogordato Library.

The society, it will be seen, has every right to be proud of the work it has carried on, in the midst of the most adverse circumstances, for the benefit and resuscitation of the Greek people and the advance of science. It has fought a secret and unostentatious battle for a quarter of a century against despotism and ignorance; it has triumphed so far, and will triumph still more when the full benefit of its work is shown by the development in intellect of the rising generation. Education is the surest weapon with which to attack a government which acknowledges itself averse to knowledge in every form; and there is little doubt that, if left to themselves, the Greeks of Turkey would by slow and sure steps settle the Eastern

question, and regain for themselves the capital of their ancestors. But owing to their own jealousies the Western powers only recognize these facts when portions of the Ottoman Empire awake to a knowledge of their position through such instrumentality as the Philological Society affords, and are then ripe for revolution.

The only other nation which, from its disinterestedness, has had doubtless a clear insight into this state of things is America, and she has done her best to attack Turkey with the same weapon that the Greeks are using, namely, the peaceful weapon of education, political and religious, and not until the final disintegration of the Ottoman Empire will it appear how much our transatlantic cousins have contributed towards the improvement and elevation of the nations of the Levant.

The American institution of Robert College, which occupies an eminence on the Bosphorus, just over Roumeli Hissar, and which is presided over by Dr. Washburn, will well compare both in its works and in its successes with the Greek society. Its chief triumph has been achieved in the northern Balkan provinces, and Robert College has been the means of affording many young men from Bulgaria and Roumelia an enlightened and liberal education. They are in the first instance instructed in the English language, and after that in the principles of American politics, on which subject debates are held amongst the elder scholars, so that when their education is concluded they go home not only with ideas, but with the facility for expressing them. But for the work which Robert College has carried on there would not have been found in Bulgaria, after the Turkish sovereignty was at an end, natives competent to fill the offices of State, and it would have been found necessary to call in Russian aid; consequently the Americans boast, and it is a just boast too, that they have done more with their education to check the advance of Russian influence in the East than England did with her vast expenditure of money and blood in the Crimean war.

Besides this college at Roumeli Hissar, the Americans have established others of equal usefulness in the East; one is at Beyrout, and there are two in the interior of Asia Minor, one at Aintab, and another at Harput. American missionaries are scattered all over this district, and their peaceful, ever-progressive victories over ignorance suggest painful reflections on the action of those civilized nations which for their own ends support a government



whose policy is to prefer ignorance to education.

Pera and Stamboul stand to-day as visible proofs of the peaceful victory which the Greek is gaining over the Turk. The former is well built, clean, and flourishing; the latter is a mass of squalor and neglected ruins, for the Turk has not only a natural distaste for archæology but he takes a distinct pleasure in destroying all that is old; and if it were not for the members of the Greek Syllagos, who are constantly visiting and watching over the ruins of their ancestral greatness, every trace of antiquity, Hellenic as well as Byzantine, would ere this have been obliterated.

There is only one Turk who takes a genuine pleasure in art and archæology. This is Hamdi Bey, and his father was a Greek, stolen when a baby at the massacre in Chios. He has married a French wife, but in spite of this he remains still a bigoted Mohammedan. He is an artist of considerable merit, and his pictures of harem life and mosque worship, which from his exceptional advantages may be said to be unique, have found great favor with English and American collectors. Hamdi Bey is a great favorite with the Turkish autocrat, and this favor, though valuable in enabling him to obtain leave for the preservation of objects of art, sometimes places him in awkward positions. When Abdul Hamid was building his palace of Yildiz, where he now lives in painful seclusion and amuses himself with almost childish delight with tiny steamers on miniature lakes, he summoned Hamdi Bey to decorate his rooms with flower-paintings. It was in vain that the artist remonstrated, affirming his inability to paint in such a wholesale fashion; he had to abandon his studio for a time and convert himself into a wall-decorator.

How can Turkey be anything but a rotten power when everything, municipal as well as national, is directed by a feeble, half-crazy monarch, who is so terrified of his life that he is hardly ever visible, and who was so alarmed lest cholera should break out in Constantinople last year, that he ordered all vegetables and fruit to be sunk in the Bosphorus, to the infinite discomfort of thousands of his subjects who chiefly live on such things? Once a week only can he be seen, when he goes to the mosque near Yildiz with a whole army to protect him. As for his twenty palaces on the Bosphorus, he never goes near them; and if everybody had their own in this world the Turkish bondholders, with

whose money most of them were built, would be in possession.

Turk though he professes to be, Hamdi Bey's parentage is evidenced by his actions. He is not a destroyer but a preserver of antiquities; he has made extensive and valuable excavations at Mersina, and he has actually succeeded in persuading the sultan to establish a museum for Hellenic antiquities within the precincts of the Seraglio. His house on the Bosphorus and his studio are charming to behold. Never was there such a Turk as he. All over the Turkish dominions intelligent Greeks recognize the destroying tendency of their rulers, and to-day if they discover an archæological treasure they are content to conceal it until better times shall come. For example, whilst digging at Mitylene, a Greek came across the old Temple of Apollo. He forthwith gave orders that a wooden church should be erected over it to prevent spoliation; for there is this good feature in the Turk, he never disturbs religious buildings; he only objects to the clanging of bells and the processional services. If his subjects will worship quietly they may worship as they please.

If we now remove ourselves from Constantinople and watch the Greeks in Turkish provinces far from the central government, we shall be able to form a clearer idea of the present state of greater Greece. Most of the smaller islands on the coast of Asia Minor are inhabited exclusively by Greeks in charge of a Turkish governor and a few soldiers, whose only duty is to exhort money from the people. If they pay up willingly, the Greeks are allowed more or less of autonomy; if they demur, as happened at Syme last year in connection with an exorbitant tax on the sponge-fishing apparatus, Turkish men-of-war appear, and they are reduced to order. Owing to a protracted debate on the islands at the Berlin Congress and the desire to conclude the business, these islands were not, as they confidently expected, placed on the same footing as Crete and Turkey in Europe. Perhaps the ambassadors were indifferent to the condition in which they left such insignificant specks of land. The result is that here the pashas find a field to compensate them for the losses they have experienced elsewhere, and the arbitrary exaction now exercised is in many cases most deplorable. A short chapter of modern Turkish history may some day be written on Syme, for this island has shown unusual spirit in resisting oppression.



Originally Syme, like most of the islands, submitted to the Ottoman rule of her own free will, and received for so doing exceptional privileges. But these privileges received a fatal blow in 1867, when the Vilayet laws were promulgated under the pretext of introducing European reforms, and the once powerful authority of the locally elected *demogerontes* was transferred to the pasha of Rhodes. This pasha received orders to visit Syme and to get what he could out of it, so accordingly he went in his steamer and imposed a tax on spirits. Two deputies, sent by the Symiotes to the ship to expostulate, were forthwith imprisoned in the coal-hatches of the steamer, where they remained until the pasha's return to Rhodes, when they were transferred to the public prison, and were only released at the remonstrance of the European consuls after nine months' incarceration.

A kaimakam was then appointed to rule in Syme, whose chief employment was to collect taxes. He taxed mules, cattle, and produce of every kind until the Symiotes were left with barely enough to live upon. But what finally drove them to rebel was the tax on the sponge-diving apparatus and fishing-boats in 1875. Sponge fishing forms the great trade of Syme, and the taxation on this industry meant little short of ruin to the island. On the announcement of this new imposition a great concourse of Symiotes assembled to consider what line of action they should adopt. Some were timorous, others were for resistance, and, as often happens in Greek councils, in the multiplicity of argument nothing was decided upon. At length, however, three hundred women of Syme, island women accustomed to do men's work when the men are absent, women of surprising physique and courage like the Spartans of old, came together, broke the windows of the houses of those who were opposed to force, drove out the kaimakam and his few soldiers, and compelled the men to decide on resistance. Such are the island women, courageous as any of their ancestors of whom history speaks, but, as events turned out, perhaps too impetuous, for a Turkish fleet soon reduced the rebels to order; the tax was imposed, the governor was restored, and the best sponge-fishers quitted their home in search of occupation elsewhere. The same thing happened again only the year before last with a similar result, and Europe not only looks on, but countenances such action by her friendship with the Porte.

I know of no better point in the East for forming observations on the tendency of Turkish rule, and on the capabilities of the Greeks when left to themselves to resuscitate their fallen fortunes, than is afforded by the two adjacent islands of Samos and Chios. Last winter I spent a considerable time on both these islands, and was enabled to confirm the opinion I had formed when I first visited them three years ago.

Mr. Gladstone in one of his speeches on Home Rule quoted Samos as an instance of the advantages which Turkey had gained by granting autonomy to this island, and as an encouragement to us to do the same by Ireland. However, there are vast differences between the position of Samos and Ireland. Two hundred years ago Samos was uninhabited, and at that time a Turkish aga, recognizing the capabilities of the island, obtained a firman which granted exceptional privileges to Greeks who would colonize it. These privileges were enjoyed without interruption until the outbreak of the War of Independence, when the Turkish government abruptly cancelled them all. The Samiotes were naturally highly incensed at this, and became the most inveterate haters of Turkish rule in the Greek Archipelago; they refused to recognize their position as subjects of the Porte when peace was declared, and they found themselves outside the map of the newly constituted kingdom of Greece; so they abandoned their villages, fortified themselves in their mountain fastnesses, and proclaimed their intention of being independent, or of abandoning the island altogether—which solution of the Irish difficulty, by the way, has not yet been suggested by the followers of Mr. Parnell. When the Turkish fleet appeared off Samos, the inhabitants, with their women and children, retired to certain vast and almost inaccessible caves on a lofty mountain to the west of the island. When the Turkish fleet retired they came down, crossed over to Asia Minor, and carried war and devastation almost up to the walls of Smyrna. Many overtures of peace were made, but not until complete autonomy was granted to them in 1834 would they listen to any conditions.

Hence Samos has been free for over fifty years. She is governed by her own council of four, elected by the four divisions of the island. She has her own code of laws, or rather she has introduced the code of laws in use in the Greek kingdom, and to carry out these laws she has a most

efficient body of police, delightful men to look upon, who are dressed in a handsome livery of blue faced with red, and *fustanelli*, or petticoats of blue cloth. Nowhere in the world is property safer than it is in Samos, and the result is progress and prosperity. The Greek prince who is sent from Constantinople to look after Turkish interests and collect the small tribute is absolutely powerless, and dares do nothing without the consent of the council; if he attempt to do so the Samiotes unceremoniously send him back to Constantinople, as happened only a year ago.

The progress which a Greek population numbering only twenty-six thousand can make when left to themselves is sufficient to prove what the population of greater Greece could do under similar circumstances. When they obtained their freedom the Samiotes were little better than mountain shepherds, there was not a rich man amongst them, and now the capital, Vathy, which has sprung up within this period, is a town with many good houses, excessively clean, and presenting as its frontage an excellent quay over a mile in length. The centre of this frontage is occupied by a large square palace which the Samiotes have built for their prince. A new hospital has lately been opened, and in 1882 a university called the Pythagoras, after the ancient Samiote philosopher, was built, which gives to the Samiote youth an education second only to that given by the university of Athens. New roads are in course of construction all over the island; at three different points around the coast breakwaters are being constructed to supply the one deficiency in Samos, namely, a want of harborage; and every available piece of land is under cultivation either for vineyards or cereals. The wine trade is rapidly on the increase, and with similar progress for another fifty years Samos will be one of the most prosperous places in the Levant. In spite of their independence the Samiotes remain, and always will remain, one of Turkey's most inveterate enemies. Samiote sailors under their own flag visit all the neighboring ports, and in speaking of their prosperity sow sedition broadcast. At the first symptom of war Samos is ready to throw in her lot with Greece, and many or her young men pride themselves on belonging to the Greek army and in wearing the Greek uniform.

It is like going out of Paradise into Purgatory when you cross from Samos to poor ruined Chios, which before the War

of Independence was one of the most prosperous marts in the East. Of course the contrast has been intensified by natural causes, the earthquake and the subsequent paralyzation of trade, and also by the terrible massacre which drove the richest Chiote merchants to seek a home elsewhere. But in spite of all its misfortunes no part of the Turkish Empire has been subjected to more tyranny, partly, perhaps, because it afforded a richer harvest for impoverished pashas, and partly because the Chiotes are very different from the Samiotes, having been for generations a peaceful and mercantile race.

On our arrival in Chios last winter we found the Turks exceedingly alarmed, fearing an outbreak in case a war broke out between Greece and Turkey, consequently their soldiers were doubly vigilant. They seized a young man who was undoubtedly caught in the act of smuggling tobacco, and so maltreated him that he died next day in great torture. On the following evening fifteen soldiers got hold of a drunken man, stunned him with a blow, and were carrying him off to prison, when a rescue was attempted by some young men. Ali Bey grew greatly alarmed at this, surrounded his fortress with four hundred men, and sent the rest to parade the streets with instructions to arrest any one they could lay their hands on, the result being that twenty-two innocent persons found themselves in prison before morning.

The tyranny in the remoter villages is, however, far more marked than anything in the chief town; the once prosperous villages to the south are now in ruins, and the people have not had courage to rebuild their houses since the earthquake, and they have no money to carry on their trade in mastic, for the taxation is enormous. After the earthquake the Turkish government magnanimously proposed to remit the taxes for five years. Europe heard of this and praised the Turk, but Europe did not hear how the following year double taxation was imposed, and double was established as the rate for the future. In the year 1867 the Porte abolished all ancient privileges, and introduced a quasi-European code; but however honest and conscientious a mollah may be, he cannot understand these new laws; consequently he dispenses justice in accordance with his own knowledge, and not in accordance with the rights of the case. The Greek language is entirely banished from official transactions, and very frequently the lawyer who conducts a case is ignorant of

Turkish. The result may be easily imagined. Before 1867 everything was conducted in Greek, consequently very few of the present generation have thought it worth while to study Turkish.

In the remoter villages of Chios the destitution is lamentable to behold. Sometimes a mild resistance is offered to the exactions of the tax-collector, always with the same result—further impositions, cruelty, and the imprisonment of innocent members of society. Some of these villagers are wild with hope when they see an Englishman amongst them; they remember the generosity displayed by our nation after the earthquake, and they somehow believe that to England alone must they look for help. Even now, in the ruined villages where relief was distributed, prayers are offered up every Sunday for the welfare of Queen Victoria and her nation. Little do they realize that it is the English nation which is the chief prop and stay of their tyrants.

In contemplating every branch of the government in Chios we see the same miserable mismanagement; roads are ordered to be made by the villagers, and when half finished the order is countermanded, thereby leaving communication even more difficult than it was before. The printing-press in Chios has been stopped, so that there may be no ventilation of popular opinion, and the Chioites thereby have been put to the greatest inconvenience, having to send to Smyrna for the printing of advertisements and schoolbooks. Such is the present condition of the island, that every steamer which touches there carries off emigrants who seek for a more prosperous home elsewhere. What a contrast to Samos this is, and what a reflection on those who seek to continue a government which can oppress in this fashion!

J. THEODORE BENT.

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From Nature.  
MINERALS AT THE AMERICAN  
EXHIBITION.

ONE of the most conspicuous features of the American Exhibition is the remarkable collection of minerals brought over and exhibited by Mr. A. E. Foote, of Philadelphia. Many of the specimens, which are extremely fine, have been obtained during collecting expeditions undertaken by Mr. Foote himself, and several new species and varieties have been made

known to science through his indefatigable labors.

The central feature is a hexagonal pavilion covered with mica, and surmounted by a model of a snow crystal. Each side of the pavilion is devoted to a separate mineral region of the North American continent—except the first, which is filled with a collection of gems and ornamental stones. Here are rough and cut specimens of a precious ruby, topaz, opal, williamsite, with examples of malachite and azurite beautifully banded and taking a fine polish.

A lapidary who has had several years' experience in making rock-sections for the British Museum is constantly employed close by.

Minerals from the region near the Pacific coast come next. Wulfenite, a rare species, some the finest specimens ever seen, is here exhibited in large groups of orange-red crystals; also brilliantly red vanadinites and large bright crystals of chessylite or azurite associated with velvet tufts of malachite. All these are from the marvellous country that Humboldt called New Spain. The deep red garnets from Alaska in their sombre settings of gray mica schist are especially noteworthy. Among the minerals of the Rocky Mountain region are wonderful crystals of the green Amazon stone; ore from the famous Bridal Chamber at Lake Valley, New Mexico, so rich that the heat of a match will cause it to melt and fall in drops of nearly pure silver. A space the size of a moderate-sized room produced about £100,000. The precious turquoise comes from Los Cerrillos, New Mexico, where Montezuma got his chachahuittls that he valued above gold and silver. The Indians still make long pilgrimages for the sacred stone.

Most striking among the minerals of the Mississippi valley and lake region are the blends and galenas from southwest Missouri, a district that now produces over one-half of all the zinc mined in the world. It was formerly so abundant that farmers built their fences with it. Masses of the lead-ore weighing ten tons were found within twelve feet of the surface. Here Indians formerly procured the lead for their bullets, placing the ore in hollow stumps and building a fire over it.

From Arkansas come fine rock-crystals or hot-spring diamonds, with powerful lodestones, arkansites, and hydrotitanites.

From the Lake Superior region come copper, chlorastrolites, and zonochlorite, a remarkable gem-like mineral.

In the case devoted to the north-Atlantic coast region is rhodonite, so much used by the Russians in their ornamental work, in fine crystals. The mines at Franklin, N. J., produce also many minerals found nowhere else in the world, such as franklinite, named after the illustrious philosopher; anomolite, a new species recently described by Prof. G. A. König, of the University of Pennsylvania; troostite, jeffersonite, blood-red zincite, etc., etc. Cacoclasite, a new species in fine crystals, associated with pink titanite, comes from the same region, as do the remarkable crystals of apatite. These are among the finest specimens ever seen, and associated with them are the brilliant twin zircons. From the apatite are manufactured hypophosphites to stimulate the appetite, and superphosphates to grow wheat and corn.

The last case, devoted to the south-Atlantic coast region, contains amethysts, sapphires, aquamarines, tantalite, gummite, and uranolate, huge sheets of mica, etc., etc.

Next to the wall opposite is a very extensive collection illustrating the mineralogy of Pennsylvania, which, besides the well-known coal, iron, and other ores that have made the State famous, includes very extraordinary specimens of the rare mineral brucite, from which the medicine Epsom salts may be made; diaspor in fine crystals, corundum for polishing purposes, chromite for producing brilliant yellows, etc., etc.

Adjoining, in cases and drawers, are the college and educational collections indispensable for the studies of mineralogy, geology, and chemistry.

The collection of American Geological Surveys and other scientific works is very extensive, over fifty volumes from Pennsylvania alone being shown. We have devoted so much space to the description of the extensive exhibit made by Mr. A. E. Foote, of Philadelphia, that we can only refer to the minerals shown by Kansas and other States, by the Denver and Rio Grande and C. B. and Q. Railroads, and by various mining companies.

From The Spectator.

#### THE SOCIETY OF DOGS.

MR. GUGGENBERGER, in his interesting paper on "Dogs in Germany," in the *Nineteenth Century*, asserts that dogs play "a conspicuous social part in German

life," and especially in the life of south Germany, in proof of which he quotes the practice formerly prevalent in Bavaria, and still more recently in Austria, of always having a regimental dog, which accompanied the band on all occasions, drawing the big drum during the playing of the music; but he admits that, as the German Empire has perfected its war machinery, it has dispensed with this pet of the regiment, though the Intelligence Department has trained dogs as scouts, and will use them freely to obtain information of the proceedings of the enemy in any future war. Again, in the universities, each corps of students has a superb dog belonging to the corps, in which the whole body of students take delight; and Mr. Guggenberger maintains that "the German grudges his favorite no comfort, and takes a pride in his education as in keeping him smart and healthy." But then, it appears, on the other hand, that, at least in Bavaria, the law, "not unkindly" according to Mr. Guggenberger, provides against dogs living to old age. Every year the dog must be taken to the government office for its yearly license, when it is inspected by a veterinary, and "if he be found either aged or hopelessly sickly, he is ruthlessly condemned to death. You must go home without him. Decrepit dogs are not allowed in Bavaria." Now, that tells volumes, we think, against the Germans as regards their esteem for dogs. If they will submit to a law sentencing their oldest friends to death,—not because they threaten the well-being of the community, but simply because they are aged,—they may find a great deal of kindly amusement in dogs, but they do not and cannot regard them as friends. They cannot feel as Sir Walter Scott felt when he lost Camp, and declined to go out to dinner on the ground that he had just lost a dear friend. We do not think Englishmen would allow the law to interfere with their friends in this way, and permit the police, on the sentence of a veterinary, to destroy them, not because they are dangerous to anybody, but because the law in its arbitrariness chooses to destroy all infirm dogs. If that had been the rule in ancient Greece, Homer could never have told us the story of the dog which recognized Ulysses after his twenty years' absence, and died at his master's feet. Indeed, half the pathetic evidence of dogs' affection and fidelity, which multiply rapidly with the age of the dog, would be wanting. It is when the dog gets old and dim-sighted, and follows



its master or mistress about like their shadow, that we first begin to feel how close is the relation between the dog and the man. Yet, according to the new law in Bavaria, and for anything we know in other parts of Germany, the law takes no account of this most affecting tie, and cuts off the dog simply because it is infirm, without the least regard to the fact that it is only as the dog gets infirm that the man comes to recognize fully his loyalty and his love. We cannot say we believe much in Bavarian esteem for dogs if it tolerates, as it appears to do, this ruthless destruction of the infirm because they are infirm, even though sagacity, loyalty, and fidelity be all the more conspicuous for the infirmity of the limbs and the dimness of the sight. There is reason in putting an end to the sufferings of a dog from any source of pain that cannot be removed, or to the life of a dog which is dangerous to either man or beast; but to murder a dog at the age at which he shows most clearly how much life there is in him which is more than animal life, how much that often puts even human affection to shame, does seem a proceeding that no community would tolerate in the social life of which dogs play a really important part.

What does one really learn from the society of dogs, if we observe their characters with close sympathetic insight? One learns at least simplicity, sincerity, and the insufferableness of egotism, for however playful and clever a dog is, he is never an egotist, and even if he shows off his little tricks to please his master, it is because he takes delight in doing what he has been taught to do, never because he thinks himself the perfection of creation and wants everybody to admire him. We do not deny that dogs are at times guilty of affectation, if they can by that means attract pity or get themselves petted. A dog will limp long after he is really quite sound of limb, if there is any one in sight to pity or pet him; but even this is not egotism; indeed, it is half delight in the kindness shown him, and half humor, as he will soon show his sense of fun if he perceives that he is found out and kindly laughed at for his affectation. Never was there a dog whose ruses of this kind went deeper than the wish to attract affectionate notice; whereas the loyalty of the dog is the deepest instinct in him. What was it Cowper said of his water-spaniel Beau, after he had watched Beau capturing and bringing to his master's feet the water-lily which the poet had in vain endeavored to hook with his stick?—

But chief myself I will enjoin

Awake at duty's call,  
And show a love as prompt as thine,  
To Him who gives me all.

And what did the great Dublin physiologist and divine, Dr. Haughton, say the other day, when recounting how the little Skye terrier which had been enjoined by his master to fetch the medicines from the ship for the sick children, had refused to touch his dinner, though he had had a sixteen miles' run, till the bottles were safely strung round his neck, after which he devoured it with the utmost zest? "Am I as faithful to my Master as that little dog was to his? Do I always refuse to eat or drink, or do my own business, before my Master's work is done?" So that each of these acute witnesses and close observers insists on the very same lesson,—that we cannot be intimate with the better kind of dogs without learning something of the promptness and simplicity with which they postpone the desires which would be most urgent and natural in them as dogs, to the feelings which their wish to obey their master's will, and to show their love to him, engrafts upon their nature from above. The love for something higher than the dog often transforms the dog much more surely and permanently than the love for something higher than the man transforms the man. And while the dog shows that he is a good actor, if he gets the opportunity, only in order to obtain those signs of regard and pity of which he is so fond, the man usually shows that he is a good actor, if he gets the opportunity, not to obtain signs of love or pity,—the latter of which emotions he can seldom endure,—but in order to get admired for qualities which he does not possess, though he has acquired the art of simulating them. For the purpose of ridding himself of egotism, and understanding the limits within which affectation is innocent and harmless, you could hardly keep better society than that of attached dogs, if you study them well from youth to age. Even the little affectations they have in their youth, fall off as they approach old age, when they become sincerer and more devoted with every year. And yet these are the qualities which Bavarians, in their great love of dogs, repay by describing the law which puts them to death merely for getting old, as one that is "not unkindly." We should like to see what a faithful dog would say to a policeman who marched off his master to death for having attained a certain age. He would show pretty clearly, we think, that



he thought of such a law as unkindly as he well could.

One thing seems certain, that neither Hobbes, nor Bentham, nor John Stuart Mill could have been convinced utilitarians as, from their different points of view, they all were, if they had kept good canine society, and availed themselves of the opportunities such society would have given them. For if in the races below us the highest sense of obligation is felt where there is least of benefit to be derived from discharging that obligation, it is quite obvious that the feeling of obligation does not spring from the feeling of utility. The Skye terrier of which Dr. Haughton gives so impressive an account had no expectation of even getting a caress the more for insisting on obtaining his medicines for the sick children before he would look at his own dinner; all he felt was the profound desire of his master that he should bring back to the Highland hut what Dr. Haughton would hang to his collar; and till he felt the weight attached to his collar, he was not easy enough in his mind to eat or drink. What could illustrate more clearly the fact that, even in races with nothing like the range of man's experience, the sense of obligation is entirely independent of the sense of utility? The dog knew somehow that his master wanted something which he was to bring, but could not have known that any utility of any sort would arise from his bringing it. The sense of command and of obedience was much deeper and more original than the sense of any consequence advantageous either to himself or to his master. It was a sense deeper than his hunger or thirst, though he was both hungry and thirsty; and it was certainly deeper than any expectation he could have formed of benefit to arise from his mission, unless he had acquired a real knowledge of the value of drugs and of the skill of the person who sent them. Nothing is more impressive to the psychologist than the evidence which the study of sagacious and obedient animals gives, that the sense of law and of duty is observable at a stage in the development of animal intelligence at which the forecast of useful consequences is hardly even conceivable. We see with our eyes the sense of duty and fidelity, and of promptitude in duty, where a calculation of consequences is quite inconceivable, and where even the laws of association would not explain the eagerness of the animal to fulfil its mission. An intelligent use of the social advantages to be

derived from the company of dogs would, we believe, have guarded many of our most ingenious philosophical writers against some of their most fatal mistakes.

From Nature.

#### THE FOLK-LORE OF CEYLON BIRDS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Ceylon Observer* of Colombo, referring to the interest excited by Mr. Swainson's new book on "The Folk-Lore and Provincial Names of British Birds," notes some points in the folk-lore of the birds of Ceylon, obtained largely in conversation with natives. The devil-bird (*Syrnium indrani*) stands *facile princeps* for his evil reputation; his cry heard in the neighborhood of villages is a sure harbinger of death; and the superstitious natives are thrown into great consternation by its demoniac screech. The legend about the birds is as follows: A jealous and morose husband doubting the fidelity of his wife killed her infant son during her absence and had it cooked, and on her return set it before her. She unwittingly partook of it, but soon discovered that it was the body of her child by a finger which she found in the dish. In a frenzy she fled to the forest, and was transformed into a *ulania*, or devil-bird, whose appalling screams represent the agonized cries of the bereaved mother when she left her husband's house. The hooting of owls in the neighborhood of houses is believed to bring misfortune on the inmates. The magpie robin, though one of the finest of the song-birds of Ceylon, is similarly tabooed; it has a harsh grating screech towards evening, which is considered ominous. The quack of the pond heron flying over a house is a sign of the death of one of the inmates, or of a death in the neighborhood. If the green pigeon (*Nila kobocya*) should happen to fly through a house, as it frequently does on account of its rapid and headlong flight, a calamity is impending over that house. Similarly with the crow. But sparrows are believed to bring luck, and are encouraged to build in the neighborhood of houses, and are daily fed. The fly-catcher bird of paradise is called "cotton thief," because in ancient times it was a free-booter, and plundered the cloth merchants. As a penalty for its sins it was transformed into a bird and doomed to carry white cotton attacked to its tail. The red wattle lapwing, the alarm bird of sportsmen, has the following legend connected with it.

It is said to represent a woman who committed suicide on finding herself robbed of all her money, amounting to thirty silver pieces, by her son-in-law. The cry of the bird is likened to her lament: "Give the silver, give the silver, my thirty pieces of silver." Its call is heard at all hours, and the stillness of night is broken with startling abruptness by its shrill cry. Another story about it is that when lying in its nest in a paddy-field, or a dry spot in a marsh, it lies on its back with its legs in the air, being in continual fear that the heavens will fall and crush its offspring. The story current about the blue-black swallow-tailed fly-catcher (*Kawudu panikkia*) and its mortal enemy, the crow, is that the former, like Prometheus of old, brought down fire from heaven for the benefit of man. The crow, jealous of the honor, dipped its wings in water and shook the drippings over the flame, quenching it. Since that time there has been deadly enmity between the birds. The Indian ground thrush (*Pitta coronata*) is said to

have once possessed the peacock's plumes, but one day when bathing the peacock stole its dress; ever since the *Pitta* has gone about the jungle crying out for its lost garments. According to another legend, the bird was formerly a prince who was deadly in love with a beautiful princess. His father sent him to travel for some years, and on his return the princess was dead. He still wanders disconsolately about calling her name. It is also said that the peacock, being a bird of sober plumage, borrowed the brilliant coat of the *Pitta* to attend a wedding, and did not return it. The disconsolate *Pitta* wanders through the jungle calling on the peacock to restore its dress — hence the cry, *ayittam, ayittam* (my dress, my dress). The cry of the hornbill (*kandetta*) is inauspicious and a sure sign of drought. The bird is doomed to suffer intolerable thirst; not being able to drink from any stream or rill, it has the power only to catch the raindrops in its bill to quench its thirst, and keeps continually crying for rain.

A MAN KILLED BY A SWORDFISH.—In the last *Bulletin* of the U. S. Fish Commission received at this office, W. A. Wilcox, in a letter to Professor Baird, relates a curious accident that befell Captain Langsford as follows: "The schooner *Venus* is a small vessel of about twelve tons, owned and commanded by Franklin D. Langsford, of Lanesville, Mass., with a crew of three men, engaged in the general fisheries off the coast of Massachusetts. On Monday morning, August 9, 1886, Captain Langsford sailed from home in pursuit of swordfish. About 11 A.M., when eight miles north-east from Halibut Point, in Ipswich Bay, a fish was seen. The captain, with one man, taking a dory, gave chase, and soon harpooned the fish, throwing over a buoy with a line attached to the harpoon, after which the fish was left and they returned to the vessel for dinner. About an hour later the captain, with one man, again took his dory and went out to secure the fish. Picking up the buoy, Captain Langsford took hold of the line, pulling his boat towards the swordfish, which was quite large and not badly wounded. The line was taut as the boat slowly neared the fish, which the captain intended to lance and thus kill it. When near the fish, but too far away to reach it with the lance, it quickly turned and rushed at and under the boat, thrusting its sword up through the bottom of the boat twenty-three inches.

As the fish turned and rushed toward the boat the line was suddenly slacked, causing the captain to fall over on his back; and while he was in the act of rising, the sword came piercing through the boat and into his body. At this time another swordfish was in sight near by, and the captain, excited and anxious to secure both, raised himself up, not knowing that he was wounded. Seeing the sword, he seized it, exclaiming, 'We've got *him*, any way!' He lay in the bottom of the dory, holding fast to the sword, until his vessel came alongside, while the fish, being under the boat, could not be reached. Soon the captain said, 'I think I am hurt, and quite badly.' When the vessel arrived he went on board, took a few steps, and fell, never rising again. The boat and fish were soon hoisted on board, when the sword was chopped off to free the boat, and the fish was killed on the deck of the vessel. The fish weighed two hundred and forty-five pounds after its head and tail were cut off and the viscera removed. When alive it weighed something over three hundred pounds. Captain Langsford survived the injury about three days, dying on Thursday, August 12, of peritonitis. The certificate of Dr. Garland, written on August 16, is appended, giving some further particulars, and the sword has been deposited in the U. S. National Museum.

Scientific American.

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